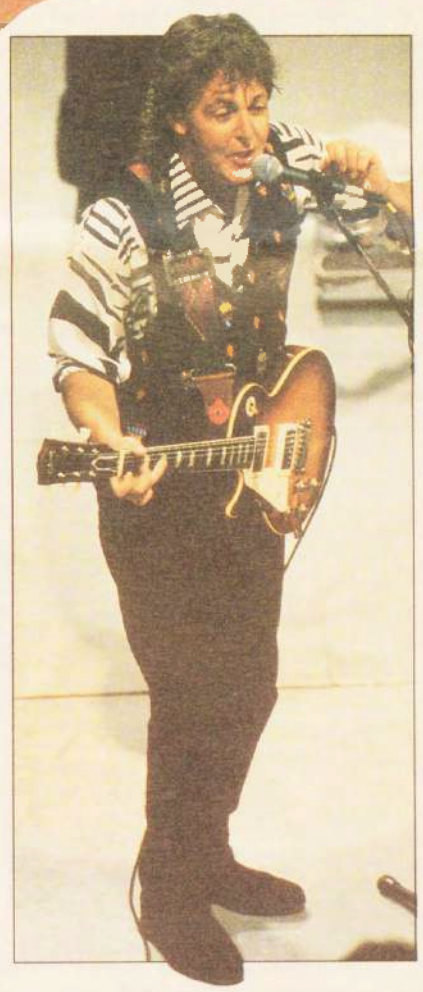
Club Sandwich

NO. 55/56 WINTER 1990/91

SEE YOU NEXT TIME!



IN THIS DOUBLE ISSUE

MAC FACTS
ALMOST HOME
WINDING DOWN
TRIPPING
MEET KEITH SMITH
HOLLY JAM
SOME WEEK

SUE'S LETTER

With Paul's magnificent world tour now over, we are back at last with a bumper, double issue. Here for your consumption is this great memento from the tour, which we hope will more than compensate for our silence, and give you some happy reminiscences.

Also, it's a good vantage point from which to reflect upon the events of the past year, to re-live those highlights through our words and pictures, and to savour what were for anyone who attended the concerts, unforgettable evenings. So this round-up of the final days, examines the feelings of the crew as the tour approached its end (see GLASGOW TO KNEBWORTH), and carries us on through the fifth leg of the tour in the USA, which was largely a result of Barrie Marshall's conversion to vegetarianism! (see ALMOST HOME).

Also, as a contrast to the publicist's view of a McCartney press conference in our last issue, we offer you a fan's eye view of the Seattle press conference (see UNREQUITED PASSION).

We're not boasting, but there were so many records broken, as Paul and the band progressed through the tour, that we thought we'd put them together for the archivists among you in MAC FACTS. You all knew about Maracana in Rio but some of the other tidbits may have escaped your notice.

Then we have a special interview with Paul in THE LONG AND WINDING DOWN, in which Paul relects on the tour, and gives us some personal insights into how the pace of the last year has affected him and his plans for the immediate future. He does speak of going out and doing some small clubs in London and Liverpool, and there is a reference elsewhere to an Australian tour, but please don't write to us for information, because it's still too early and nothing has been decided yet. But rest assured, club members will hear from us as soon as there are any definite details, and that goes for the Liverpool Philharmonic event too!

Our postbag reflects your delight with *'Tripping the Live Fantastic'*. UK readers should rush out and buy (if you haven't already done so) the amazing rendition of *'All My Trials'* c/w *'C-Moon'*, released on 26 November and sure to be a Christmas hit.

Technical manager of the tour, Keith Smith gets the MEET treatment this time, and we catch up on the events of BUDDY HOLLY WEEK, held in New York this year.

Finally we have a wonderful veggie's eye view of eating round the world in Geoff Baker's hilarious article, FOREVER VERT. If after reading it you're still dry-eyed and a flesh eater, I'll be surprised, as it's one of the funniest insider views of the trials awaiting veggies in restaurants around the globe. Through the wackiness, however, comes a pretty sober message and I guarantee you won't feel the same about eating fish again! This article also brings me on to another project which we're really excited about; next time, we're doing a special SANDWICH dealing with the entire question of vegetarianism - starting with Paul and Linda's philosophy, the basis from which Linda's bestselling cookbook, *Home Cooking*, emerged, along to the wider questions of health, animal rights and ecology. It's an exciting departure for the SANDWICH (which might, after all, be devoted to food for once) and we're looking forward to your views.

Lastly, you can order a copy of Linda's lovely Calendar for 1991, published by MPL in association with Friends of the Earth (Scotland), from our Club Offers. It makes a super pressie and is a treat which lasts all through the year.

'til next time

Sue

PHOTO: BILL BERNSTEIN

ALMOST HOME

GEOFF BAKER REMINISCES ON THE LAST LEG OF THE TOUR FROM WASHINGTON TO CHICAGO

PHOTOGRAPHS: SHOWY

Part Five of the tour - from Washington D.C. to Chicago during the hottest July in history - was never meant to have happened.

When the tour was first planned, the wrap party was scheduled for April [after Rio] and no buts.

However, 'no' is not a word logged in the vocabulary of Barrie Marshall [tour promoter and born optimist].

So, the story goes, Barrie went to Macca with a plea along the lines that as Paul had just set a world record in Brazil wouldn't it be a groove to keep going for just a little bit...just a weenie couple of weeks....well, a month would be better, just a little month...oh, come on, pleeeeeeeease,..the tour's cooking....oh, won't you stay just a little bit longer....?

That sort of thing.

'Sure', said Mac, 'I'm up for it. But you'd better check with Linda'.

Barrie worried. Linda, he knew, loved being at home, with the horses, the kids, the countryside. Would she want to keep schlepping around yet another bout of customs, flights,check-ins,limos,hotel rooms,check-outs...

"Sure", said Linda, "I can do another month. I'd like to....but if I can do another month on the road, Barrie,....then you can go veggie".

And so it was that an extra 636,500 people got to see the Get Back Tour and Barrie Marshall got to improve his waistline.

Leastways, that's the story and I'm sticking to it [well, at least before this proof gets to The Editor].

Anyway, Macca wanted to play Washington on Independence Day - as we did - if only to say "Hey America, they say it's your birthday" before launching into the good old party stomper from The Beatles' White Album.

Washington was hot; 98 degrees in the street and an extra 10 inside the R.F.K. Stadium where Linda, during soundcheck, suggested that the band's now-favourite Ray Charles jam number should be re-titled Don't Let The Sun Catch You Burning.

It took a full three minutes for the crowd to stop hollering before Paul could launch into Figure Of Eight at the start of the show. This being July 4th, public holiday, most of the crowd appeared to be getting close to being out of it. The near-crippling heat provided the excuse to see off a six-pack every half-hour of the show and the sick-sweet haze that sort of hung above much of the stadium indicated that the drought hadn't hurt the local herb crops any.

"It's too darn hot', said Macca, shedding the jacket and launching into Birthday.

Given the heavy intake of booze and, ah...things, plus the sheer surprise at the song's addition to the show, the response was explosive. Pot-bellied geezers leapt on chairs, which promptly collapsed beneath them, blondes whipped off tops to hurl at the stage - by the end of the set the 'pit' looked like some huge Janet Reager jumble-sale - and even the securityguards gave up looking stern in the aisles and bopped there instead.

By the time he sang 'Happy Birthday Dear America' to 'em at the end, their grins reminded you of the words of another fan - way back in the winter in Chicago - who'd said "I don't care if I die and go to Hell tomorrow...because I've been to Heaven tonight".

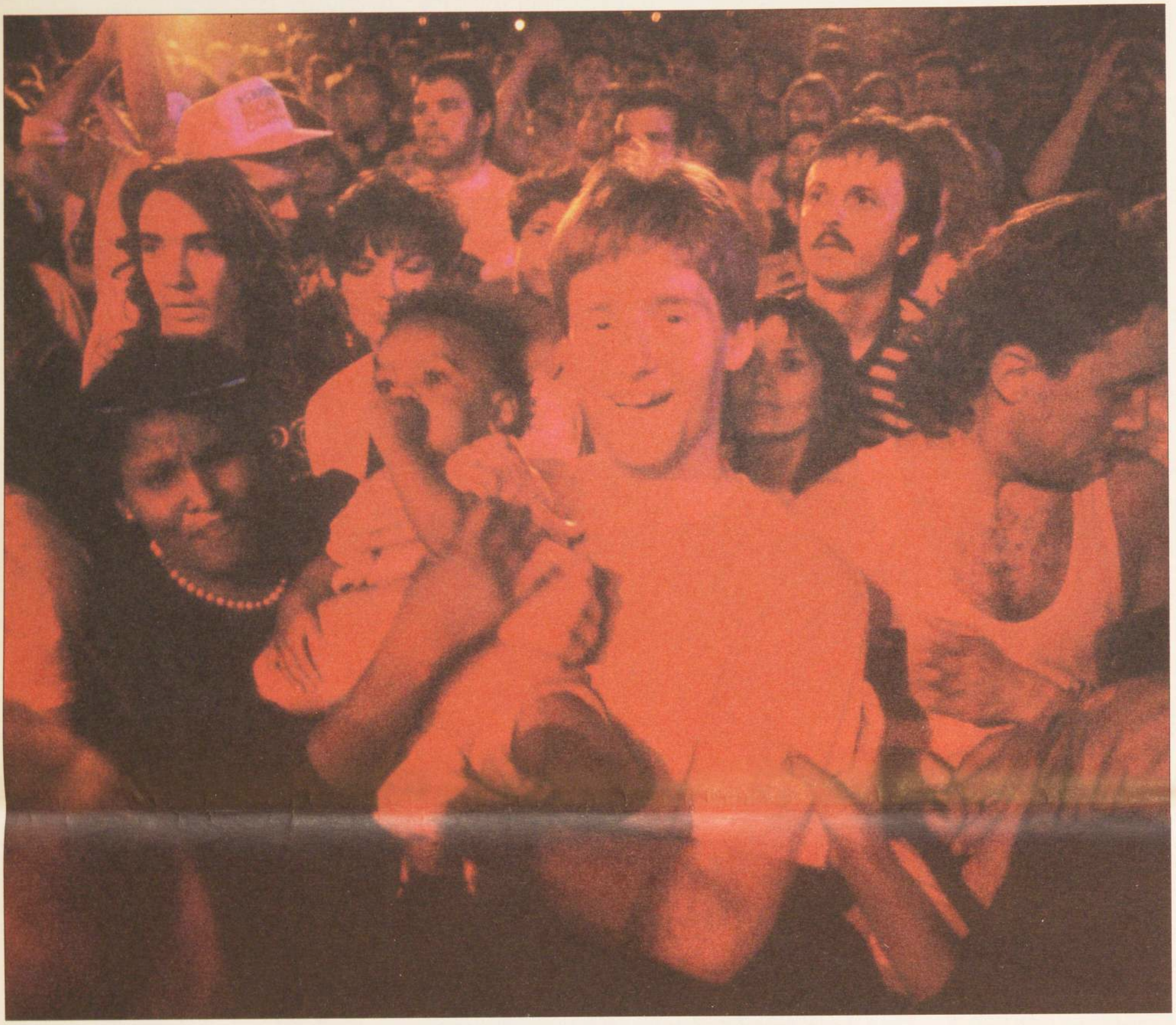
The storm-trooping momentum continued and grew throughout this, the last month of the tour. We didn't know it then but the show had already grabbed the Billboard award as the top grossing act of the year - beating the Stones, Madonna, Janet Jackson, beating all-comers - but playing to never less than 53,000 barking maniacs each night kind of hinted this was no longer another rock show. The crowd had changed, Paul was no longer drawing just the 'McCartney crowd', the older fans. Now it was kids, head-bangers, THE concert crowd rocking out there and getting Acid House crazy each night to Pepper and young couples getting off rubbing each other up the right way during Back In The USSR.

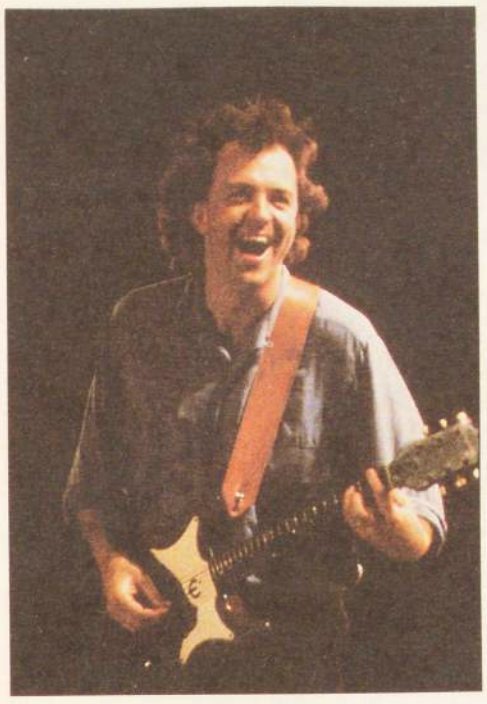
And the signs in the crowd changed too. Earlier in the tour, they'd hold up banners saying 'I Luv You'. Now you'd see

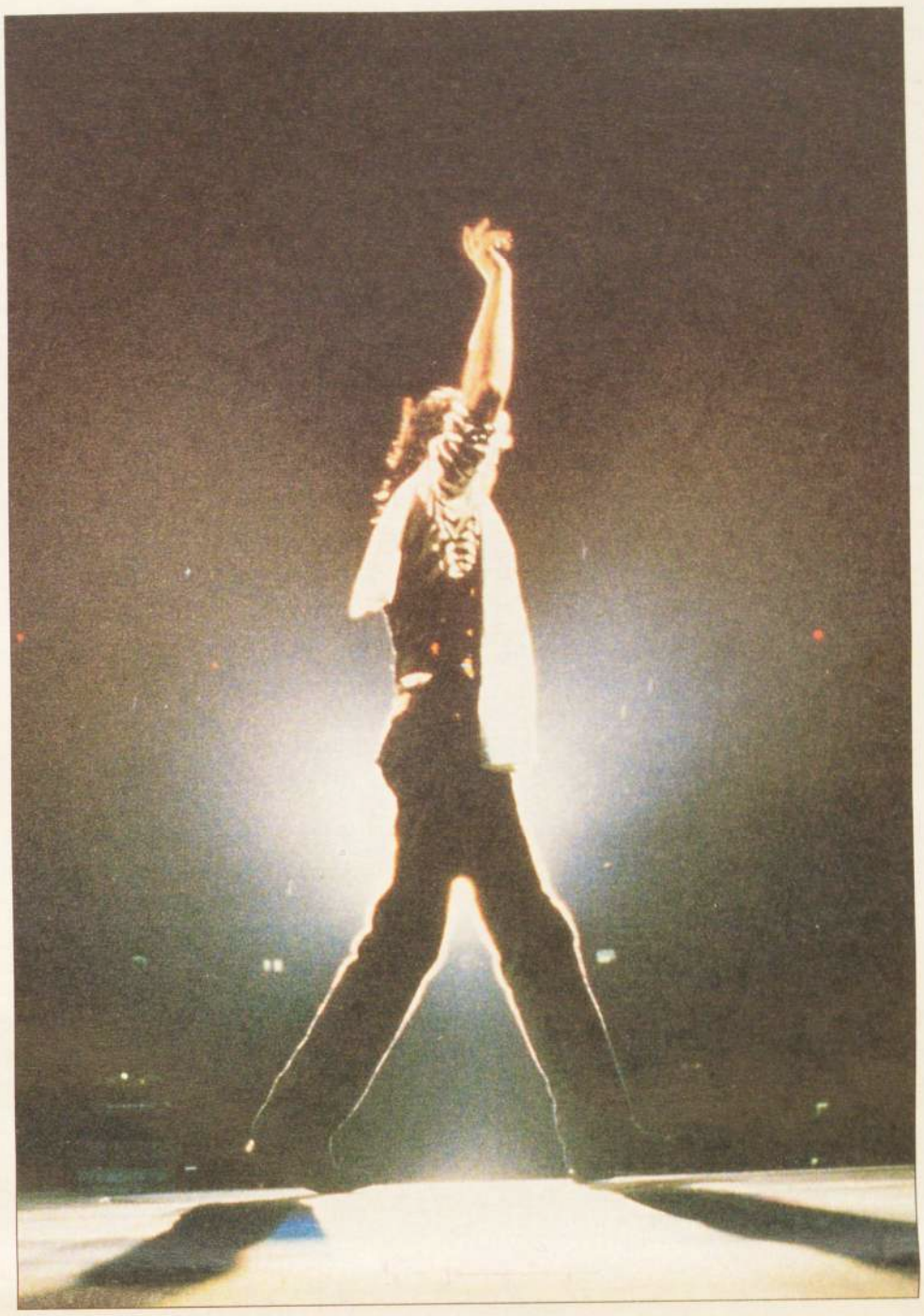
"Cute Then...Gorgeous Now" or, poignantly, "John Would Have Been Proud". Or, I swear, "I'd Give My Left Tit For The Front Row".

Stranger yet was the reaction in Iowa, where Paul and Linda's vegetarianism so outraged misunderstanding local farmers that the tour was branded "a hotbed of Satanist-Commie Conpiracy" by leaflet-waving rednecks who picketted the show.

Radio stations threatened to







ban Macca's records in indignant protest that how dare he not eat meat dripping in lovely blood and one even hired a small plane to trail a banner over the gig reading "KDWZ Welcomes Paul MooCartney".

"Burger off", said Mac.

If a handful of farmers feared our voodoo vegginess, the powerful ju ju of chilli non carne cooking for the crew backstage didn't deter the fans. Fifty five thousand of them turned up for the one Iowa show, setting yet *another* record.

In fact, if anything characterised the tour it was this tendency to shatter records all over the world.

Check it out....Record-breaker McCartney bust box office previous bests in;

* Wembley, London.
* San Francisco.
* Dallas, Texas.
* Phoenix, Arizona.
* Cleveland, Ohio.
* Ames, Iowa.

And then there was the little matter of that world record, beat all-comers, gig at Rio on April 21st 1990 when 184,000 officially got through the gate.

Then there were Macca's personal bests -

* Glasgow - the biggest Scottish gig of his career.
* Liverpool - the biggest Merseyside gig by any Beatle.
* Knebworth - the biggest British gig of Paul's career.

Add to that Performance Magazine's International Tour Of The Year Award, Billboard's award for the biggest U.S.A. gig of 1990, a Grammy.....and faces of the 2,843,297 people who left any of the 102 gigs in 13 countries smiling.

Not bad going for a lad who "only ever wanted to give 'em a good night out".

THIS AIN'T BEEN THE LAST TIME

SOLDIER FIELD, CHICAGO; SUNDAY, JULY 29TH.
8.30 pm and Clive Dunn shouted "Showtime" for the last time.
Reluctantly this time, the band shuffled from their dressing room; almost *unwilling* to play, not wanting to start the show because this was The Last Time and you wanted to delay it forever.
The normal backstage banter of the crew was hushed. Friends avoided each other. No-one looked you in the eye. What could you say?
Outside, the crowd was going berserk; 50,000 of 'em waving lighters, matches, torches to welcome Macca's last stand on stage with the greatest show of light we'd seen all year.
Fireworks blew up the skyline during *Pepper* and *Live and Let Die* and between songs you could hear one or another of us pine "Oh God, I don't want this to end..."
As the crowd's roars loudened, tour staff who at other gigs would be busy backstage drifted to the front; almost disbelieving it was really over. And when Paul launched into *The Long and Winding Road*, a tour anthem for many who'd been there since Oslo a lifetime ago, guys' heads bent as they didn't want Paul to see the tears.

But.....
mark the last words of Soldier Field.....
"Thank you...we'll see you all again next time".

MAC FACTS

The Paul McCartney 'Get Back' Tour of 1989-90
travelled 100,331 miles.
We played in 13 countries - England, Scotland, France, Holland, Spain, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Japan, Brazil, Canada and the U.S.A.[*]
[*] Fan demand took us to the States FOUR times; playing in Chicago, New York, LA, Philadelphia, Iowa, New Jersey, Kentucky, Carolina, Atlanta, Texas, Florida, Washington, Cleveland - all over the bloody place.

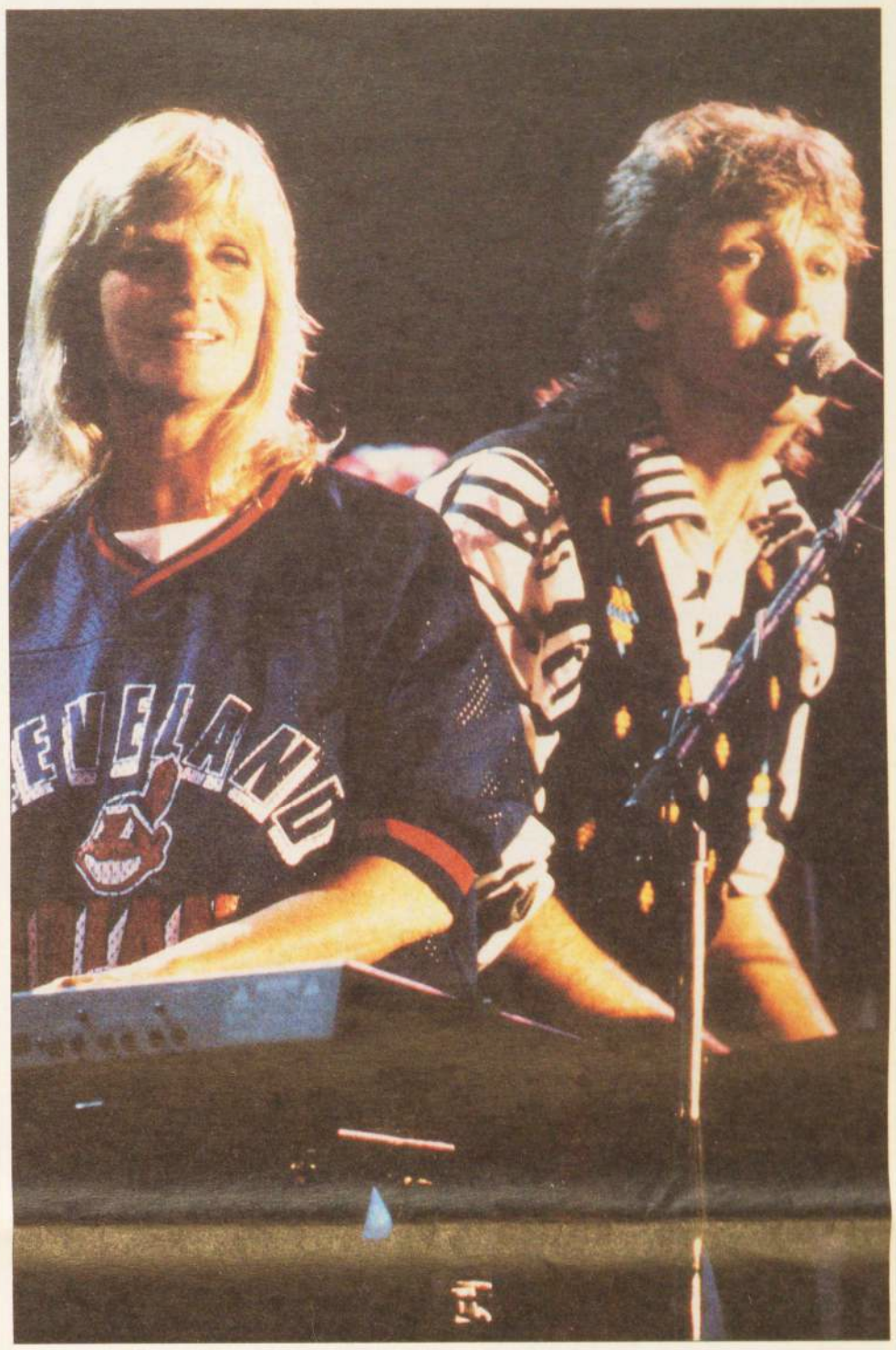
Macca played to a total of 2,843,297 fans over 102 gigs.
In Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, on April 21st 1990, at the Maracana Stadium, Paul set a new world record [officially recognised by the Guinness Book Of Records] performing to the largest stadium crowd ever gathered in the history of rock and roll - 184,368.

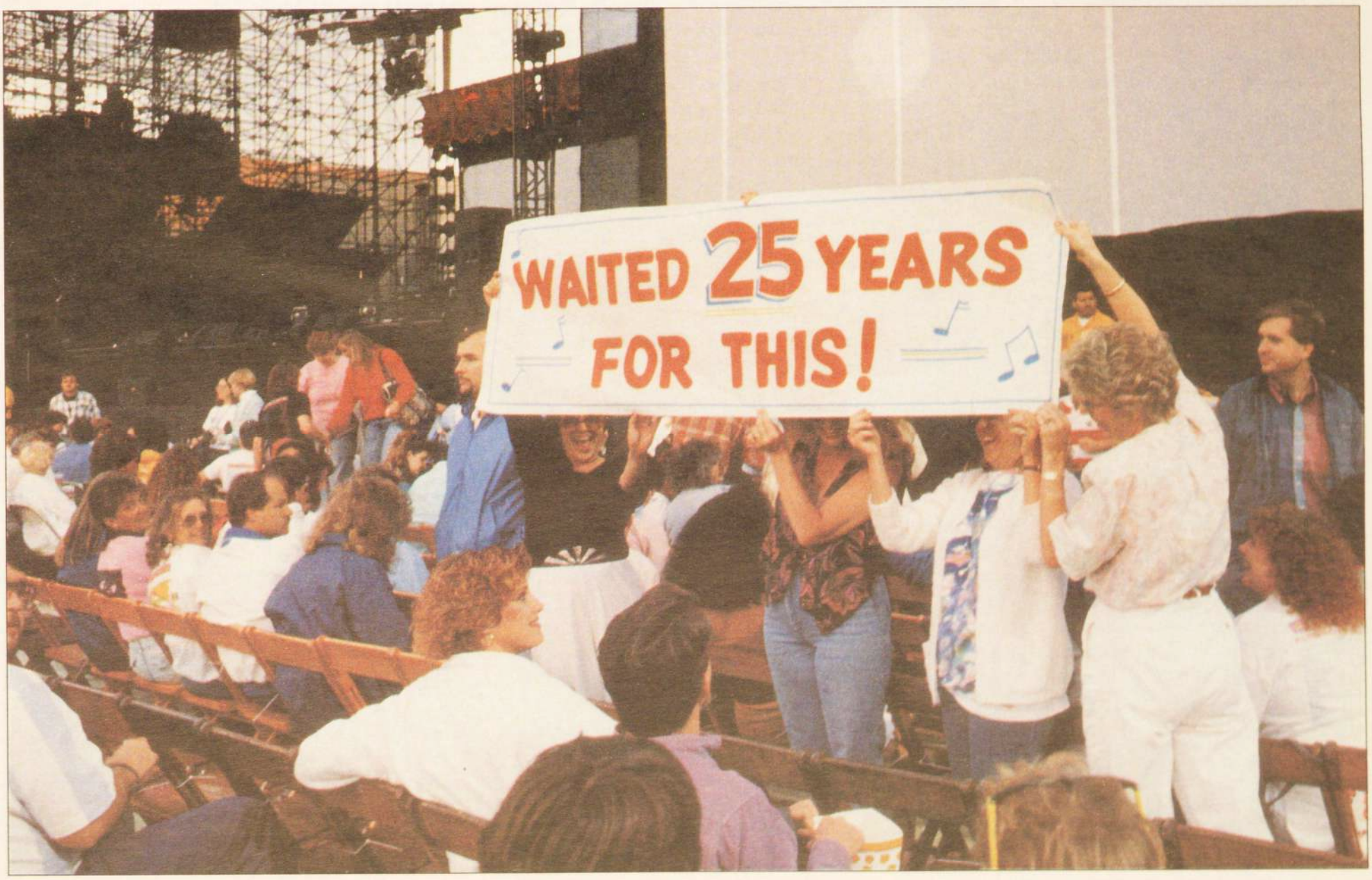
This tour was his first international tour for 13 years and the most successful of his career. The American dates - all sell-outs - made him the artist who sold most tickets in the USA in 1990 [an average of 49,209 per gig] - beating Madonna, The Grateful Dead and Janet Jackson.

Now, rather than rest on those not-inconsiderable laurels, Paul is planning the next 'leg'; already dubbed *World Tour Two* - which it is hoped could start at the end of 1991.

The highlight of the tour - for Paul - was when we played to 50,000+ on the banks of the Mersey, his biggest ever gig in his hometown of Liverpool when - at the end of the medley dedication to John - the band stopped playing *Give Peace A Chance* BUT the crowd refused to stop chanting and forced Paul to restart the song. "That", he said "was one of the greatest moments of my career. That was what you do it all for really".

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN SILFEN



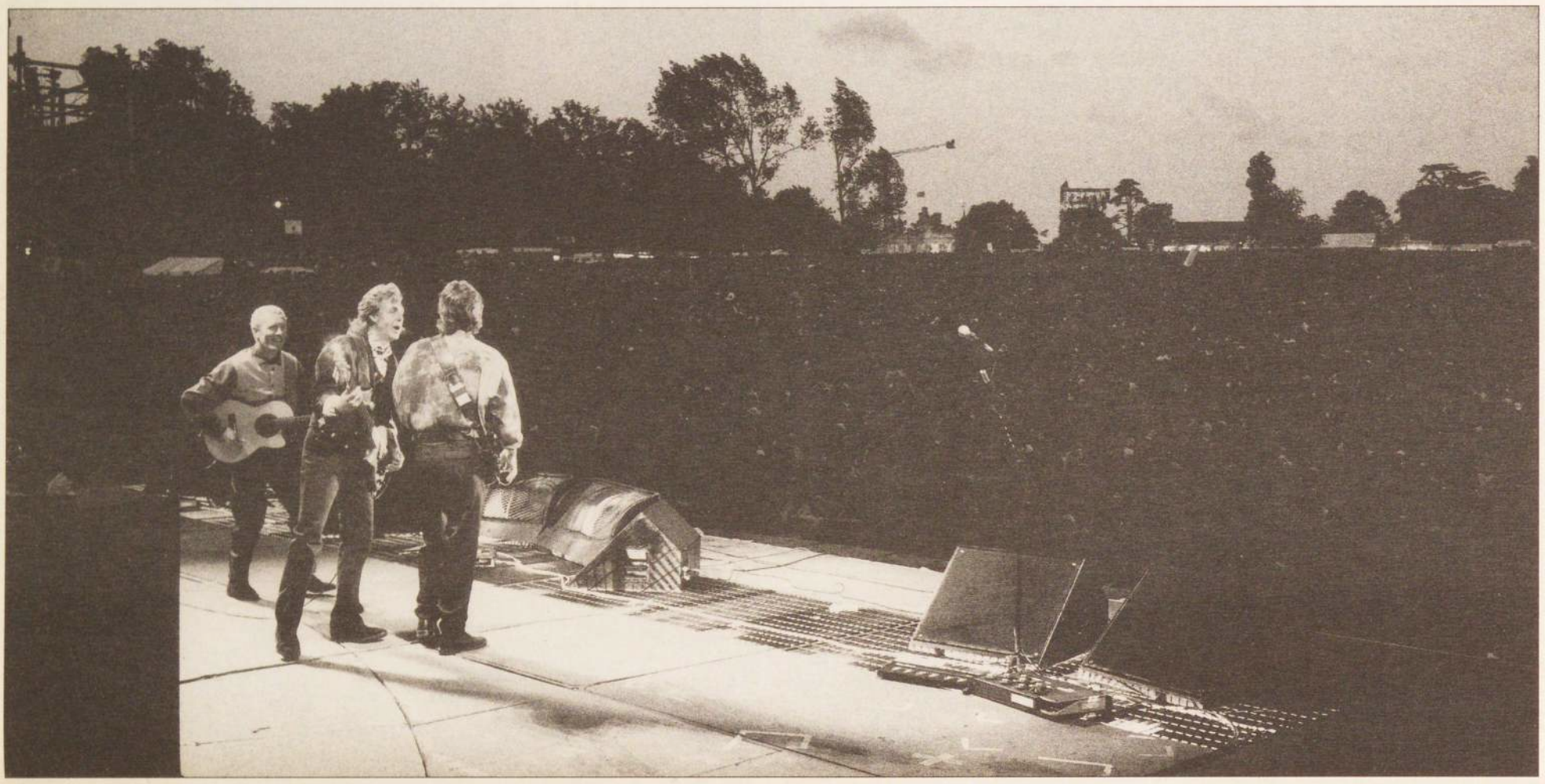


GLASGOW TO KNEBWORTH

A WEEK IS A LONG TIME IN THE ROCK BUSINESS

BY GEOFF BAKER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID MODELL



After a six-week break since the 'Brazilliance' of Rio, you sort of expected smiles when the band and crew hooked up again for the Glasgow gig.

Instead, there were tears. Big boys don't cry, they say. Well, these boys were blubbing.The Scottish Exhibition and Conference Centre, venue for the show, echoed to the sound of one big sniffle.

"I'm OK, I've just got something in my eye", said head carpenter Nick Luysterburghs, nicknamed Spaceman on account of his massive girth filling up most of the known universe.

Oh...Here I go again [sniff]", sniffled Marc Brickman, lighting designer and possessor of two red, sore eyes since Mac had cranked up the band for the first rehearsal.

"It's just an allergy", said Space, "A lot of us Americans get it here".

They were 'allergic' to *Mull Of Kintyre*, the strains of which had been made doubly-contagious as Mac rehearsed his old mega-hit with the kilted Power Of Scotland Pipe Band. Despite being one of the biggest known hits since Neanderthal man first chanted to the accompaniment of two bashed rocks, the song was never a barn-stormer in America and the Yanks among us weren't innoculated against the emotions that it invariably raises.

The Wee Scotties of Glasgow, however, had heard it hundreds of times. But that didn't stop them crying either as 11,000 of 'em so packed out the SECC that we began fibbing that "no, of course the crowd's not over the fire safety imit, officer...no,no,no,no,no,no...you must be seeing double".

As the show set another personal best for Paul - this being the biggest gig he'd ever done in Scotland - we headed for Liverpool and, the Press would claim later, history.

Initially the Liverpool show was planned for January in one of the city's largest [but still small] theatres. But Mac canned that show after wondering why "I'm hauling this huge outdoor show around the world and am just planning a piddly little gig in my home town"

There being a marked absence of any hall on Merseyside big enough to accomodate much more than the Jimmy Swaggart Fan Club, we built our own gig in a car park on the banks of the river. And as the scaffolding went up, Liverpool became increasingly hysterical over the return of its much-loved son.

"Royal Family Makes Block Booking For Macca Show", claimed the Liverpool Echo, insisting that 'insiders' had insinuated the Queen and her kids were flying up from Buck House for the show.

'Well, she'll have to stand if she does come 'cos all the seats sold out weeks ago", said Clive Dunn, the tour manager.

Most of the seats had been booked by Japanese fans, who were all over the city snapping Liver Birds, posing next to statues of Eleanor Rigby and even marrying one another in the Woolton church where Paul first heard John play at a fete.

"Lobbie...Lobbie MacIntosh!", they cried as most of the nation that can't pronounce its Rs pursued the shy guitarist around the hotel.

The other half of the crowd appeared to be all called McCartney as the world's most extended family turned up to slap Paul's back and say 'eh, alright kiddo...where's the ale then?'

There was a lot riding on that back. Just weeks before, the tribute to John had soured Liverpool's mouth with performances which, as Paul admitted later, "would have made John throw up". The home of The Beatles wanted its pride in that fact back and the show had to be good.

With that in mind, God is evidently a groover. The weathermen had predicted rain [again] but Him Up There pulled rank.

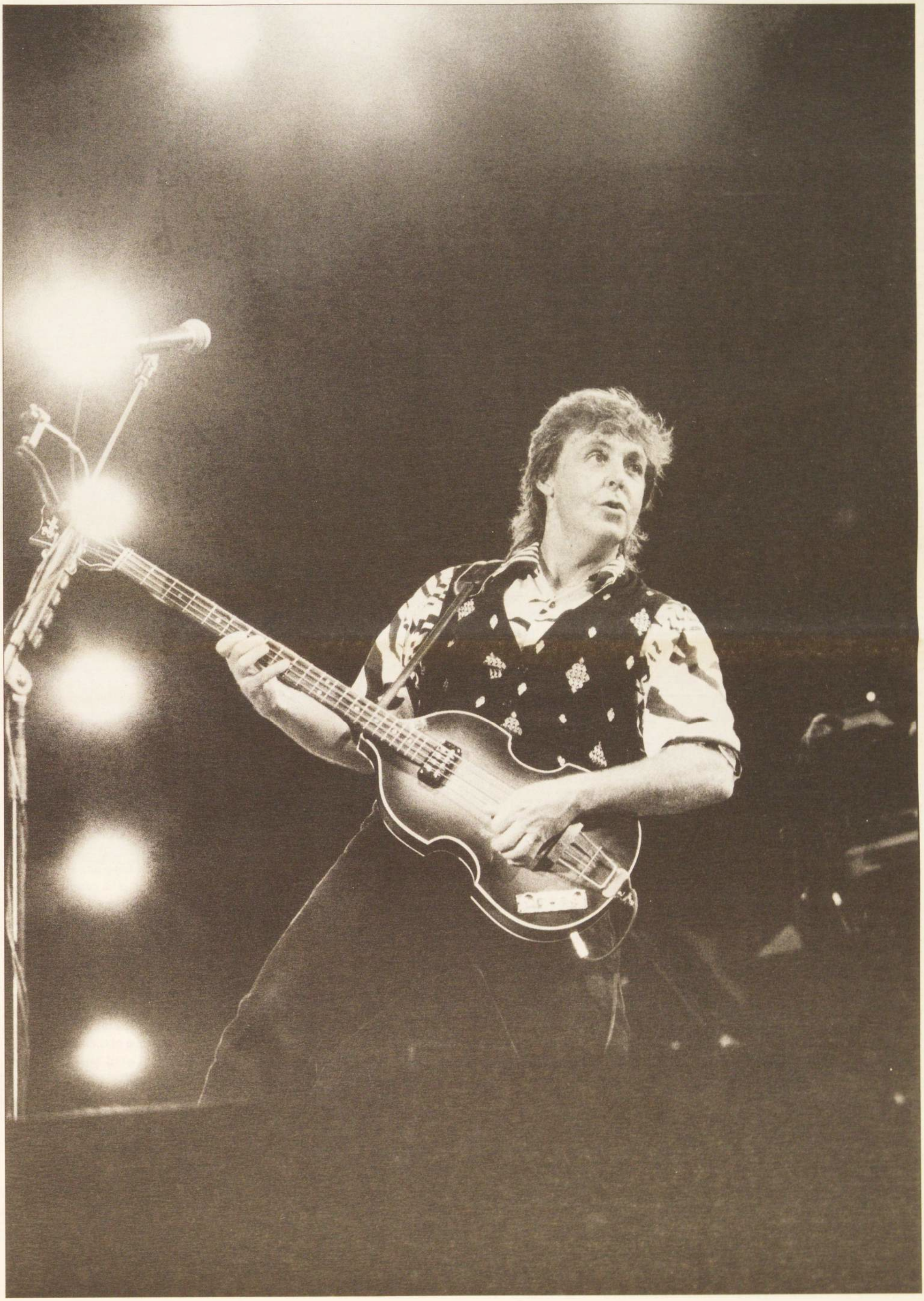
Paul had wanted the Liverpool show to be a party. "Come in fancy dress", he suggested, "Dress up in Sixties gear for a laff".

And so they did. The air stank of pachouli oil, essence of hippie. There were babies with flowers in their hair, their mothers in Afghan frocks and sandals. And here and there you could spot the odd guy who'd earlier thought it was a really good idea to put on his old loon flares again and was now hopelessly trying to hide in the crowd, praying for it to get dark soon.

Meanwhile, backstage everyone who wasn't called McCartney was jostling into Tent A - one of two giant pavilions erected for the pre-show hospitality [Tent B was occupied by everyone called McCartney and, despite being the size of an aircraft carrier, was evidently too small for the task] - for the Press Conference.

For a change the history of the occasion - this being Paul's first home-town gig for 11 years and, with an over-capacity crowd of 50,000+, by far and away the biggest he, any Beatle, or The Beatles had ever played here - lent a dignity to the Press and although hacks and camera crews had flown in from the States, Japan and Europe for the show, they didn't attack him in an autograph-seeking frenzy like they normally did.

Like Glasgow, *Let It Be Liverpool* - as Mac had dubbed it - was a charity show and the Press Conference was staged to launch fund-raising for the Liverpool Institute for Performing Arts; Macca's own Fame school, where one day - if they get the dosh



required [$18 million] to do-up the building where McCartney, Senior and Harrison, George once piped "here" - kids from all over the globe will be able to study .

The launch of the appeal began with George Martin, looking like King Lear, speaking words of wisdom.

"I think you have a wonderful environment here for really socking it to them throughout the world", quoth George.

"I saw for myself all those years ago the effect Liverpool music, The Beatles' music, on America and how Paul and the other three boys simply knocked the world sideways with their talent.

"It was an extraordinary experience to go down NewYork's Fifth Avenue and see men of my present age, in other words, my very venerable age, sensible people, wearing Beatles wigs because it was the thing to do.

"And no matter where you switched the dial on your radio at any time of the day, you heard a Beatles song. It was complete and utter saturation and Liverpool did that.

"Congratulations Liverpool - do it again!"

As Mac took his turn to talk, outside in the city switching the dial on your radio proved that Mac, at least, was "doing it again".

Announcers burbled on about "the massive crowds" at Kings Dock, jocks played Beatles back-to-back and every so often this or that station would be "now going over live" to the gig where on the spot reporters jabbered with the enthusiasm of those who'd won ringside seats for the Second Coming.

The launch of 20,000 TDK balloons in tandem with the opening bar of *Figure Of Eight* started the show - the subsequent next 10 bars of *Figure* being lost in the unisoned yell from the crowd - and from then one it was one, long glorious madness. Fireworks punctuated *Pepper*, teenies jived in the crowd, grandmothers pulled up their skirts to tentatively hop and reel, dads bounced with babies on their shoulders, the entire crew walked about grinning and after one especially raucous singalong, Macca said "I'd tell you you were brilliant...but you know that already".

But not even Paul, steeped in Scouseness, was ready for the reaction to the medley of John songs that he'd worked together for this, the most fitting place to truly pay a 'nod and a wink' homage to 'someone we all loved dearly'.

Strawberry Fields became *Help* and *Help* became *Give Peace A Chance* and that should have been that.

But Liverpool had a better idea. As Macca and the band hit the last chord and Paul stood and bowed, the crowd decided the song wasn't finished. Sure, Paul had finished ...but as the cheers and applause died a chant from way at the back grew and grEW AND GREW until the whole wonderful 50,000 of 'em were singing the best lines that John ever stood for... "all we are sayyyyyyingggggg is give peace a chance...all we are sayyyyyyingggggg is give peace a chance".

The chant became a bellow, one big primal lullaby for the other guy who should have been standing there and for a moment it gripped Mac in its emotional swirl.

Was there a tear? It could have been sweat. Probably was. Well...maybe. Leastways, he shook it; leaping back to the piano stool and hurling the band back into the song.

Weeks later, looking back at Liverpool from America on the last leg of the tour, he said:

"It was one of the greatest moments of my career that, when the crowd wouldn't stop singing....It's moments like that that make you go 'God, this is it! God, this is live! God, this is the way I like it'.

"The thrill of all that is what you do it all for really"

The London Daily Mail said it the same. It wrote of Let It Be Liverpool...."Was this history? Probably. It was certainly one of the greatest moments of his career. Liverpool will not see its like again".

And backstage in Paul's dressing room, half an hour after Macca had "done a runner" on a coach from the show, brother Mike sat listening to a procession of Paul's aides gushing how brilliant, how moving, how fab, how better than anywhere this gig had been.

"It was just so special, so...so...there was magic out in that crowd tonight, man, just a weird magic", said one of the crew.

"I know", said Mike, "And it's called Liverpool".

Two days later Paul McCartney's band joined Tears For Fears, Status Quo, Cliff and The Shadows, Robert Plant and Jimmy Page, Phil Collins and Genesis, Elton John, Eric Clapton and Pink Floyd at the Music Therapy charity show at Knebworth Park, Hertfordshire.

The super-bands competed before 120,000 people that day and, in my humble opinion, you need know only one thing about it. We won.

OH BOY, WHAT A RAVE ON...

BY MARY MARTIN AND GEOFF BAKER

PHOTO: RICHARD CARRARO

Joe Ely, Paul, Dave Edmunds, Paul Hipp and Gary Tallent on stage at the Lone Star Roadhouse

Rave On, he wrote. And they did - in style - when Paul and L inda hosted the start of the 15th Buddy Holly Week, held for the first time in New York.

Police lined the streets to hold back crowds outside the Texas Lone Star Roadhouse as the Macs joined a host of other musicians for a loud, live and fun night in celebration of Buddy.

MPL flew in the cast of 'Buddy', the hit musical then running in Toronto, who performed a half-hour segment from the show fronted by its star, Buddy-lookalike Paul Hipp.

For McCartney fans who'd won an MPL competition to join the all-star party, it was a musical treat per minuteAfter Paul Hipp performed *Ready Teddy* and *That'll Be The Day*, the stage was given over to the all-stars, ably supported by Bruce Springsteen's E-Street bandsters Garry Tallent on bass and Max Weinberg on drums - with Tommy Allsup, who played on many of Buddy's hits, adding lead guitar.

Steve Forbert performed *Well...All Right*, Joe Ely gave them *Not Fade Away*, Ricky Van Shelton sang *Rock Around With Looie Lee* and Pat Dinizio of The Smithereens sang his own song, *Maria Elena*, in tribute to Buddy's widow who was among the 250 guests.

Buddy's original band, The Crickets - Jerry Allison on drums and Joe B. Maudlin on bass - joined the post-Buddy guitarist Gordon Payne for *Heartbeat* before the night became one big, all-comers jam.

Paul and Linda, sidekicked by Dave Edmunds, joined the throng on stage for *Rave On*, *Oh Boy*! and Little Richard's *Lucille* - although only after Paul had held a crowd vote on whether to play in E or G.

"I wish Buddy was here tonight", mused Paul into the mike.
"He is!", yelled a voice from the crowd.

The evening was also attended by Otis Blackwell, Tony Visconti,Lenny Kravitz and Ben E. King. And Mayor David N. Dinkin was there to officially declare the start of New York's Buddy Holly Week.

The party served as a taster for the opening of 'Buddy 'at New York's Schubert Theater. The musical premiered there on November 4th - to good reviews.

"For those who remember the Fifties, this self-contained concert is bound to touch a nerve",
wrote The New York Times.

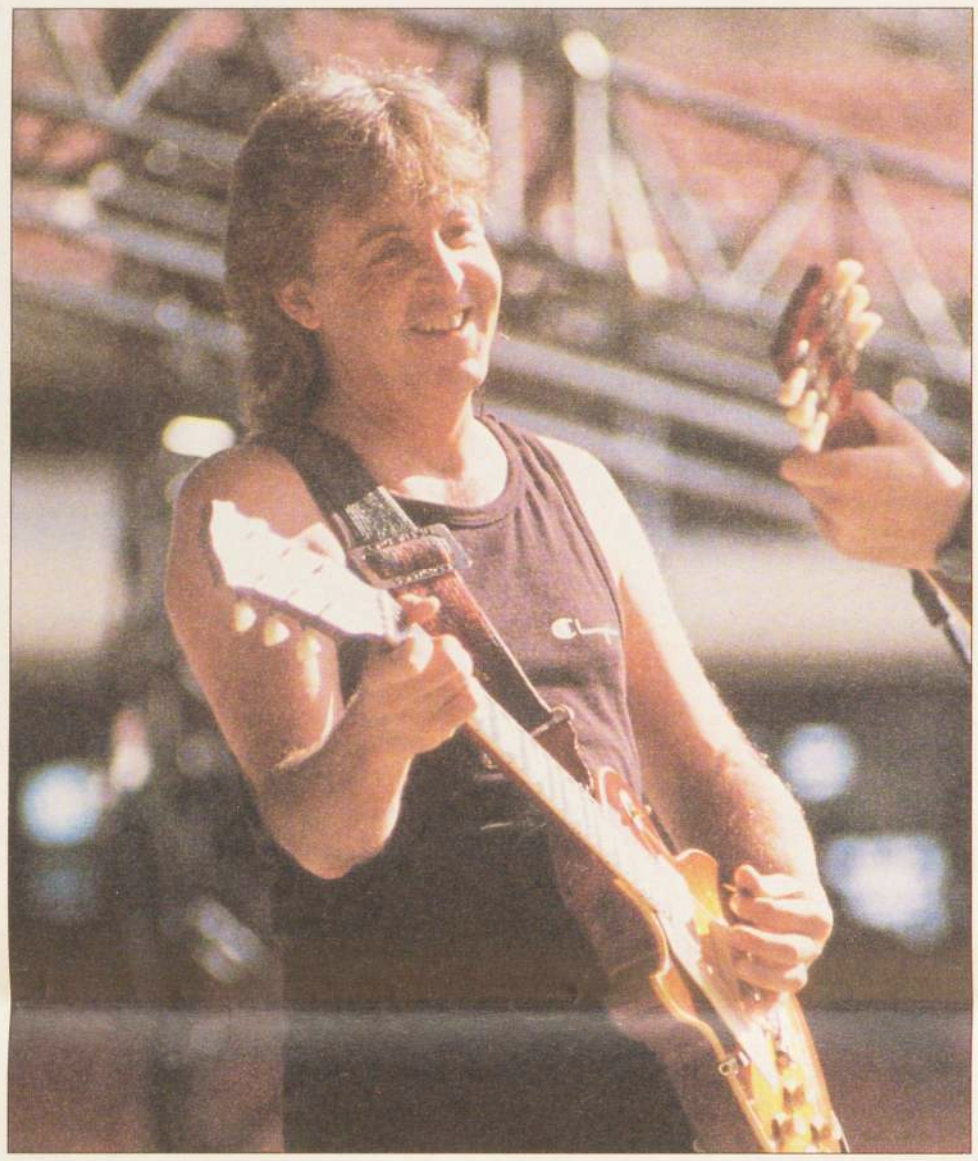
"Oh Boy - Buddy story has 'em dancin' in the aisles",
wrote the New York Post.

"The audience was on its feet screaming for encores, as if at a stadium concert" ,
reported New York Newsday.

THE LONG AND WINDING DOWN

THE FOLLOWING INTERVIEW WAS CONDUCTED AT HIS STUDIOS WHERE PAUL - ON HIS OWN - WAS LAYING DOWN DRUM AND BACKING TRACKS FOR NEW SONGS

PHOTOS: SHOWY, ALAN SILFEN AND DAVID MODELL



Q: A *year on from the start of the tour, you're a changed man aren't you?*

A. I've got a completely different way of looking at things now. When you get on the road and see see what your audience is actually like, it changes your perception of your own music. It feels different, it reminds you of what sort of stuff audiences really like and then it reminds you of what you've done. So with the new album I'm doing now [to be written and recorded from November] I can guage from stuff in the live set what was more popular and so that is the sort of stuff I might write for the new album, so the tour and the audience gives you clues to write to.

[FOR THE RECORD HERE, THE MORE POPULAR STUFF IN THE SET INCLUDED THE ROCKING NUMBERS SGT. PEPPER, GET BACK, CAN'T BUY ME LOVE, COMING UP, MY BRAVE FACE, SAW HER STANDING THERE]

A. [cont.] The other thing is that just reviewing your own work through the tour is healthy. We did more than two hours a night of my stuff and it surprises me how simple the songs are. Before doing them live I thought some of the songs were quite complicated but they're not. It gives you a good view of what it is you're doing.

I just feel clearer now about what I'm doing - because I've now seen how the songs I've done in the past have gone down and also I've seen what people really like.

Q; *Are you more excited generally now?*

A; Yeah, I like going on the road again. There's a danger in this business - you start off hungry and then get a bit of fame, then get a lot of fame and you start to rest on your laurels a little bit. And with fame comes money, so you buy a nicer house. So then you don't have people bothering you all the time and there's no traffic noise - but while you can be gaining stuff by just being better off you can also be losing stimulus - the stimulus of just being in the city, seeing all the other bands. And, you don't always realise that you need that stimulus, I find.

You come to the country, loving the air and the animals - and I DO love that side of my life a lot - but what the tour showed me was that I need a balance with that life. It needs some stimulation.

I think playing to a crowd of 184,000 in Rio is certainly stimulating. Going on stage every night after 13 years is certainly stimulating - because you've just got to do it.

Q; *You said towards the end of the tour, backstage in private, that it had reminded you of The Beatles. How?*

A; The tour itself reminded me in a lot of ways of The Beatles. One thing was the build-up - we started off little in Oslo, off Broadway - it's not little for everyone, 5000 people - but for us it turned out to be a small gig. Because it was a new band you couldn't just go rushing in; so you had to start little and build up - now THAT reminded me of The Beatles because The Beatles' whole thing over the 10 years we existed was a build-up; from little clubs to bigger clubs to ballrooms to theatres in Peterborough, then to Sunday Night at the Palladiums and then to TV and recording, you built and built and built until you finally went off to America - so we did that and the tour just reminded me of the way The Beatles' campaign worked; small, getting to know each other, getting more confident with what we do, and then increasing the whole thing - so by the time we were in the States and playing the 50,000-seat stadiums, that whole year had felt very much like a Beatles build-up.

And the other interesting thing was going back to the States a few times during the tour, that was like The Beatles; you went and got a certain reaction and you went again and it grew and the TV stations started doing these specials on you and then the Press Conferences.

I remember telling our tour publicist at the beginning of the tour I was a bit terrified at the Press Conferences in case they threw me a googly or a spinner or whatever you call a dodgy question that would catch me out. At the end of the tour I'd be just the opposite; I was HOPING they'd throw me a googly, just so it'd stop all the boring questions coming.

[EXAMPLE OF BORING QUESTION; 'PAUL, ARE YOU GOING TO REFORM THE BEATLES']

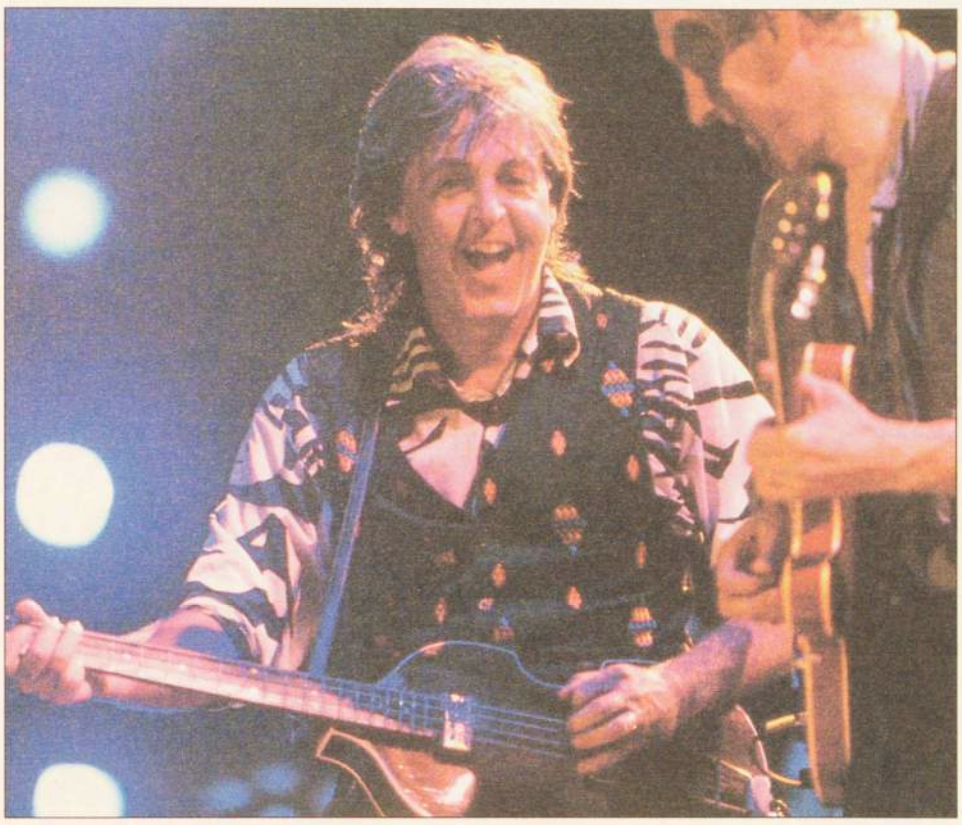
[PAUL'S ANSWER ALWAYS TO THIS 'IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO REFORM THE BEATLES SINCE THE DEATH OF JOHN. PEOPLE HAVE SUGGESTED JULIAN; HE'S A NICE KID - BUT HE AIN'T JOHN']

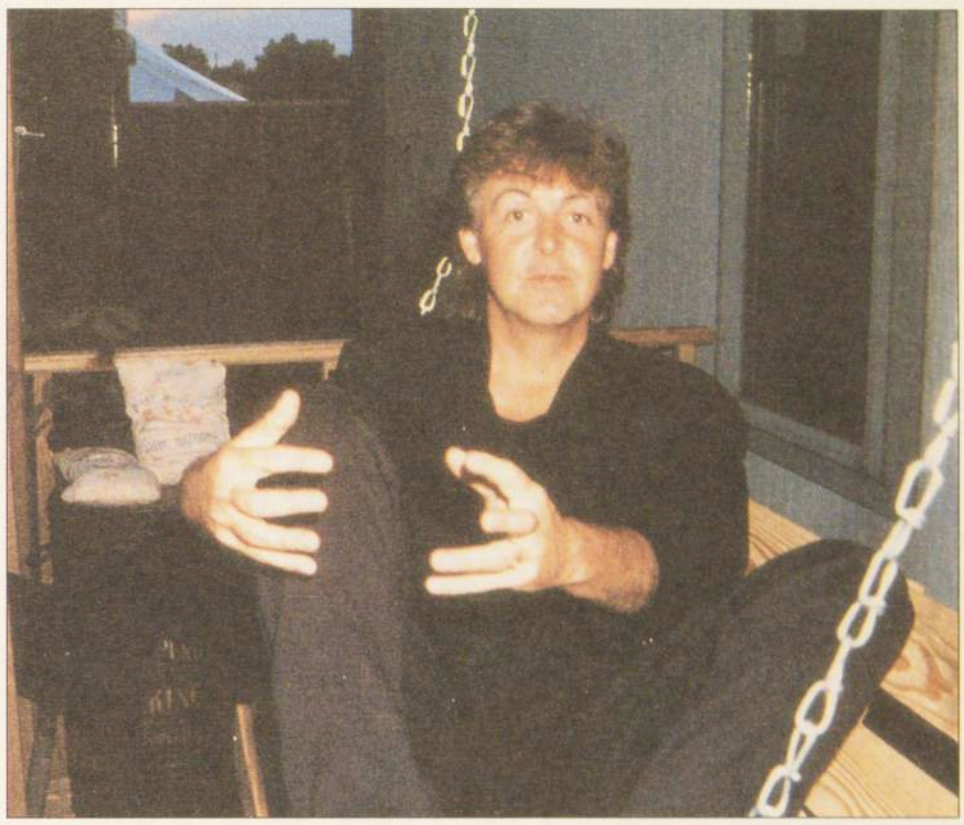
A. [cont.] So when you look at it all, it's just that my confidence has increased.

So to sum it up, it reminded me a lot of The Beatles, this tour; a new band, growing steadily and finally getting to the biggest gigs going, in America, finally getting to peak TV time.

Q. *So are you going to capitalise on this new wave of confidence?*

A. That's the idea now; once you've been playing like this you get to almost Olympic level; compared to an athlete, this is our Olympic level, playing the biggest stadiums in the world - but to do that, to get in on, you have to keep yourself in training and be able to do it without even thinking, like a great track runner. But when you've finished your Olympics, the natural thing is to go and have a long time off. The trouble with that is that you get a bit ring-rusty or arena-rusty or whatever athletes get - athletes' foot - without even realising it, because you're enjoying yourself. You think this is great, oh, I deserve a rest now, this is lovely. And so many people come off tour and say ' ooh it's nice to relax' and all that - but in fact to totally hang for three years, man, and then try to pick it all up - I think that's difficult. I think you set yourself problems you don't even need - it's like if you can stay at a certain level without having to play ALL the time then why not do it?





My feeling now is that we've got to a good level and maybe what we need to do now is to start stabbing little gigs in little clubs - there's plenty of small places we can go without having to have the organisation we had last time; there's many exciting little gigs and I'm into that really, just to keep our hands in, just to keep our musical muscles in tone - instead of just slacking off and having to rebuild the whole thing.

So I'm quite charged up about it all - the band, the next album, the live album AND maybe just stabbing at little dates; like popping over to play Prague for the day, there's millions of things like that - we can play one night in Paris, do the l00 Club, the Marquee - it's a publicist's dream; I mean let's go and play The Cavern, that new replica one they built in Liverpool. Why not? We could do it.

So I'm looking forward to that basic idea - to keep it all going now.

And then the pencilled-in plan for the end of next year, after the new album is ready, is to tour the world again.

That will be after the Liverpool Philharmonic thing, which is also exciting me a lot because although it's all a symphony, some of the numbers in it I'm looking at closely because although they are all written for a philharmonic orchestra and a cathedral choir, they could take on different treatments. We could - as the band - do a few of them on stage. A few of them are straight songs and we could do a band treatment on them, which is interesting.

Then there's the new studio album and I really like the idea of combining songs from that on a tour with some of the Beatles stuff that we haven't done yet. Songs like Here There And Everywhere, Blackbird, Obladi-Oblada, She's A Woman - there's great numbers still to be done live - Rocky Raccoon...what about I'm Down or Helter Skelter, which all the punk bands do

There's some really exciting things.Some people said to me 'You've done Rio, you've done the biggest things in the world, there you go, what more do you want to do now?'

But the interesting thing to me is that there's STILL another bunch of Beatles numbers that we didn't do.

And, interestingly enough, when our manager Richard Ogden was down in Rio recently the rock promoters were saying 'Well, when's he coming back?'.

Richard said 'What do you mean? He's done Rio, he's done the biggest gig here'.
And they said 'No, that's not the biggest - the biggest is in San Paulo'.

We could do 200,000 people in San Paulo, apparently. We could go back because there's a record to be broken - so that's very interesting to me.

Although one thing we didn't do last time was tour a new album; Flowers In The Dirt was a bit old by the time we went out, it would be nice to go out the next time with a completely fresh album, a whole new vibe. So I'm getting quite excited about the next album; which I'm writing for now and, if THAT could be great that would add it's own vibe to the tour, that album could colour the tour. So there's that, there's records to be broken, there's Beatles' songs we haven't done. And then, of course, there's doing the favourites from this show consuming.

You just can't shirk on it. That's one of the reasons I've had no holiday.

So, as I say, I write as a hobby anyway. I might have a day or two off but after a coulple of days off I want to be back writing again.

And also, with the tour it somehow positions you and charges you up for the next thing you're doing, because now I've got the feedback of the reception on tour and you think - how would this have gone down on tour? You can sort of gauge it like that. Like with Birthday, we only threw that in at the last moment - towards the end of the tour - but people were saying 'oo, that's good'.

again. You couldn't lose Pepper - you might just slightly vary it a bit - you couldn't lose Hey Jude. So I think all that's enough of an exciting prospect for me to be dying to get back out on the road again.

But you can't just slave your life away. I've gotta have a break at some point.

Q. *But you haven't had a break yet, have you? You came straight off tour and went to work.*

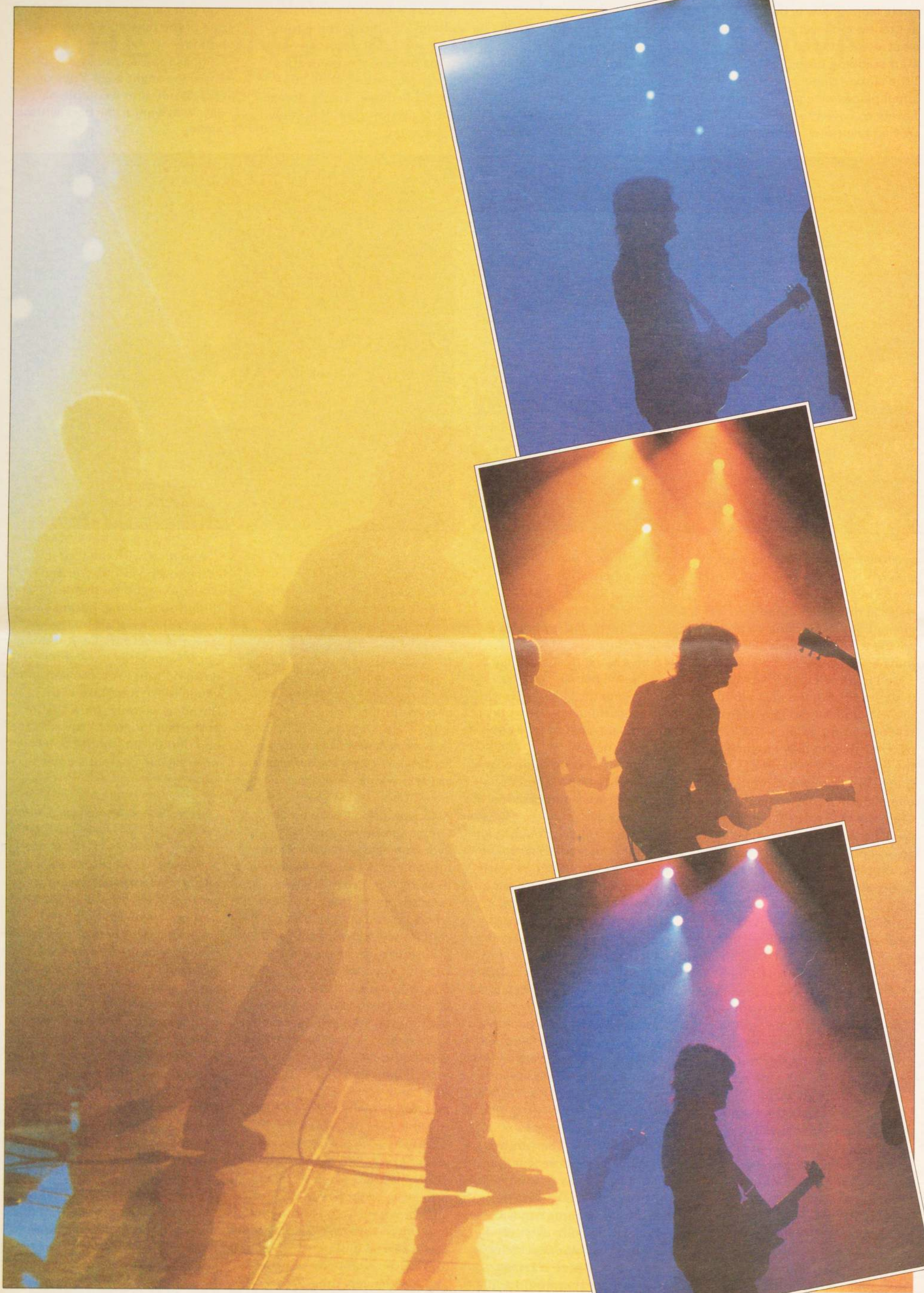
A. I know. I don't have breaks. Everyone else has breaks, everyone else goes on holiday. I mean I didn't MEAN to go back to work. But it's kind of a holiday. Writing for me is kind of a holiday. I'm off. I've always said if they didn't pay me and they didn't record me, I'd still write.

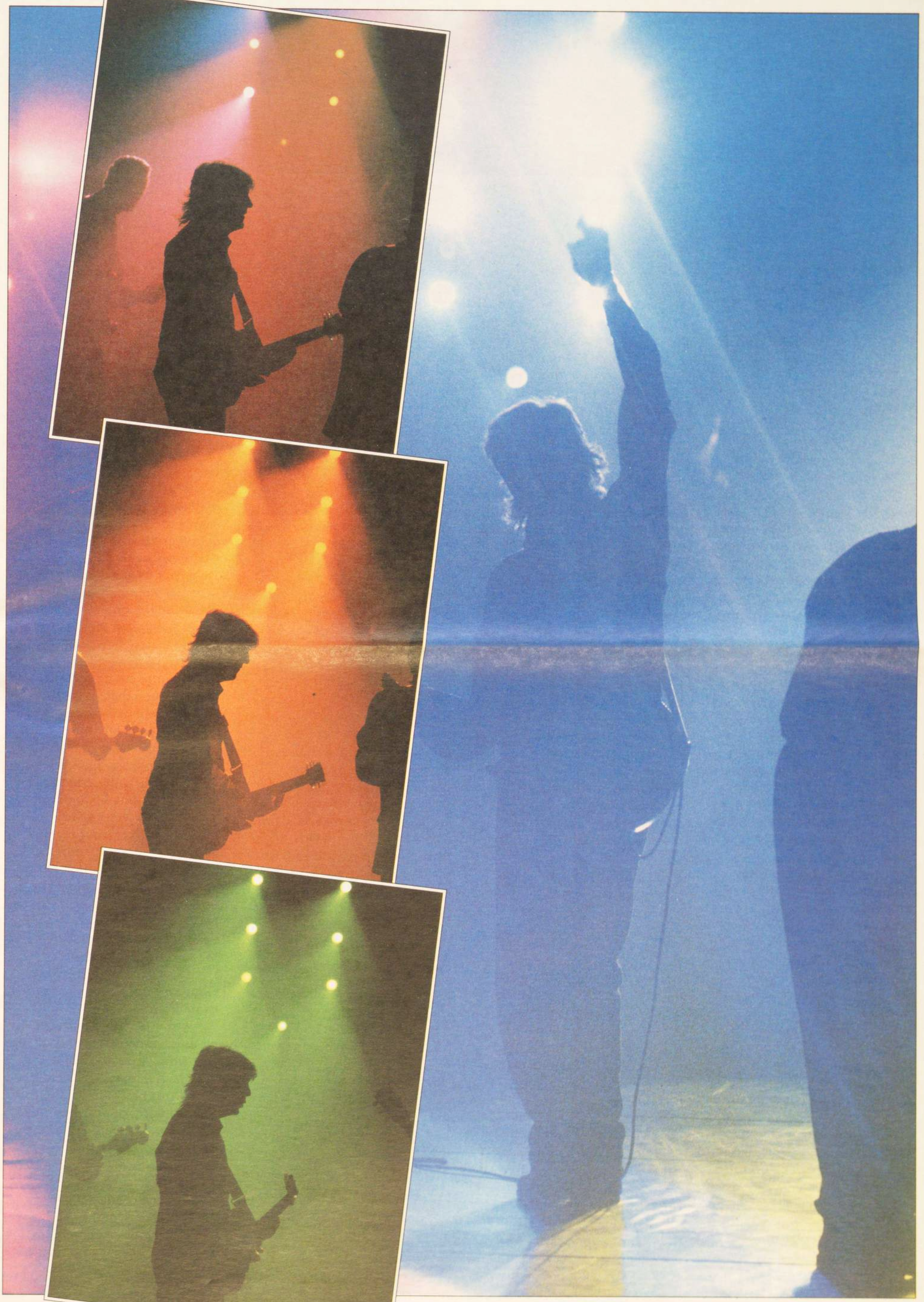
So that means writing must be a hobby. I like doing it, it's like painting, just something I enjoy. So in a way I've had time off. But the trouble with this time off is that I've been working on this big thing with Carl Davis and that is really a lot of work, to get it right. We've written the whole thing, first draft. And then you go through it in the second draft, and third, and fourth and fifth etc - just orchestrating it and arranging it and finding the exact right keys for the soloists. So there's a lot of practical belt and braces stuff to be done here and it's just very time

Q. *How did you come to write Birthday?*

A. We were at Abbey Road, we all showed up for an evening session and a lot of guests came around - like Patti Boyd and other friends - there were a few friends and liggers and it became a little bit of a party. So rather than get too serious, I just said to John 'Let's just make something up'. He was always game for that and John and I always had such a good reading of each other that we could make something up. We could pretty much think on our feet and sort of edit as we played. We had enough instincts that we'd built up over the years to do that and not be too scared.

So we based it around that riff and then we just thought of this idea Birthday because I remember saying 'well some songs are kind of useful'. Songs like 'White Christmas', very





useful; if you want to get in a Christmas mood, whack that on. Easter Parade, if you want an Easter mood, whack that on.

Irving Berlin was the great expert at all of that..God Bless America and all that. He's got a song for every occasion going; The Anniversary Waltz I think he wrote. He's the boy.

So going on that kind of vibe I kind of thought well there's been a Christmas song, there's been an Easter song, what about a birthday song? Instead of Happy Birthday to You we were going to have a rock song for people who were into rock and roll as just another way of saying 'it's your birthday'.

So we came up with this real simple lyric - 'they say it's your birthday, well it's my birthday too yeah' - that sort of stuff and that 'we're going to a party party', just a few little bits, a riff in the middle and a little instrumental break and I think we got all the crowd of people there to sing along the chorus, y'know "BIRTHDAY...I want you to dance...BIRTHDAY", just a little easy part for them, which we often used to do. And by the end of the evening, we'd done it. We just left it to be mixed and went off to a club.

Q; *It's amazing that that song was never before released as a single.*

A. I know. But The Beatles were funny about that, releasing singles. I mean in England we never released Yesterday or Michelle as singles. So it's not that surprising, with us often the most obvious singles didn't get released.

Maybe it was because Hey Jude was going on at the time, a stronger contender.

But that's what's nice about doing Birthday now. As you know, on the tour doing all these songs was nice for me because I'd never done them live before. I'd never done Birthday, only the night we recorded it. I'd never done Hey Jude, or Pepper. A lot of those songs were really good to do because they were just totally fresh for me.

So in a way it's fun that Birthday was never a single because now it can be useful; it can be a useful song now - if you've got a friend who's got a birthday you can whack that song on 'em. Or play it at a birthday party.

Q; *Was that one of the last songs you wrote with John?*

A; No, one of the last things I ever wrote with John was The Balad Of John and Yoko. He'd just got married in Gibraltar or somewhere and he showed up at my house in London one day saying 'look, man, I've got this song I'm *dying* to record and basically it was all there, I just helped a little bit.

And he said 'why don't you drum and play bass and I'll play guitar and I'll sing and we'll run round the corner to EMI studios. We can knock it off in half an hour'....

John was very impatient and it's great, actually, for creativity to have someone who's impatient because they will NOT sit around and twiddle their thumbs. He couldn't, he just couldn't.

So we fixed a couple of words, went round to the studios, ran in and did it.It must have been a bit awkward for the other guys; I think John in his impatience just didn't want to have the bother of ringing George and Ringo and getting a whole session together. He figured I'd be there, I was always like a couple of hundred yards away from the studio, always ready...y'know, plectrum in hand type of thing.

Q; *It's interesting you saying that because you're the one still like that, aren't you, still ready with the plectrum in hand.*

A. Yeah. Well, y'know, I'm a ham. There's no doubt about it; as much as I TRY to retire I keep thinking well this isn't me. I LIKE getting out there. It's not that I get bored at home; really the oppositie, it's great, being with the kids and Linda; homelife is a doddle, it's bliss, being in the countryside and free like that, I'm well into farming, organic farming.

But I do think that I've now set my character to the extent that I can't JUST do that. Linda's different; she could do that. But the musician in her isn't ingrained as much as it is in me. That's really all I've done from the age of 14 really; I wrote my first song at 14 and ever since that bug bit me I've been infected. And it's gone all of that time; through the Beatles period, through the Wings period, now through the solo period and I still love getting together with a little bunch of musicians. It can be hard work at times but I'm always glad I did it after it. And this tour has proved the point yet again. Much as I'm not into schlepping around all the Holiday Inns in the world the stimulus of your audience and the band is considerable.

Q. *The album of the live show will also show people how much of a rocker you are, don't you think?*

A. Yeah. Images are a funny business. You see George Michael talking about it on telly. He's a real good writer but he's thought of as a stud. It's the razor he uses, I think.

Obviously the closer you can get to what you want to be, the more sense it makes in life. And for me my image has tended to go towards the more lyrical, the smoochy and all that just because my biggest successes have been with Yesterday and Hey Jude, The Long and Winding Road, Let It Be....ballads. Now I love that and they may even be my favourite thing, it may be what I'm best at...but it is always refreshing for me to remember that I wrote Helter Skelter.Or that I also wrote I'm Down, She's A Woman, Can't Buy Me Love, Got To Get You Into My Life, a lot of the rocking stuff we do on the tour.

So that is another good thing about going on a tour like this one, it reminds you of what you do - otherwise I would just sit on the farm and start to believe my own image ...'Yeah, I'm just a balladeer aren't I?' but it's good if you can get out on the tour and somebody on the tour or some fan starts saying 'yeah, man, you're ROCKING'.

'You're singing your tail off, somebody said, and I thought 'Yeah, man, that's what I loved'. So it helps get your sense of proportion back somehow, that I'm not just a love song balladeer, there's more to it than what my critics say.

I mean it's always nice to think I wrote Why Don't We Do It In The Road? That's very un-me, that's very un-my image. Although it's funny because one of the guys on the farm came up to me before the tour and said 'Paul, I've been listening to that White Album and what does that mean, that Why Don't We Do It In The Road? I said I'll tell you when you're 21.

Q; *There's also a new generation of fans out there for those songs now. I know that some of the younger girls on the crew, 21 and 22, really got off to Birthday but they'd never heard it before. They thought you'd done a new song.*

A. I know and a lot of friends of my kids loved Got To Get You Into My Life the first time they saw it on the tour. It's great, I really love that. I really love seeing the younger generation get off on the older stuff. And that's even with my own family. There was a time a few years ago when we went on the Wogan show and the only thing my son James had heard me do live was Jet and Listen To What The Man Said. And they suddenly became his favourite songs and I realised then that it was just because he'd been exposed to them. It wasn't anything more, to him they were new they were hot, new songs to him.

And on the tour a friend of my daughter's came up and it was 'Got To Get You Into My Life, man, that's my favourite song' and then suddenly Pepper was his favourite song - Sgt. Pepper. I've had guys say to me 'Man, Sgt. Pepper, it's like Acid House isn't it?'

I say 'What do you mean it's *like* Acid House - it *is* Acid House, it's the *start* of Acid House is Pepper, it's where it all came from'.

But that is such a buzz, seeing all that happen all over again. And what I love about it is that it's *held*, the music, it's held it's own. Strawberry Fields, the lyrics are still as far out now as they ever were - 'I mean, I think, uh yes, it's me, I think, uh no, is it... you know, it's always going to be far out.

And some of the songs improve, some of the sadder songs get more meaningful when you get older and you've had kids and all the worries of that.

You know - 'I'm not half the man I used to be'...well I remember singing that on the Ed Sullivan Show when I was only 20....talk about half the man, you're barely a man, son, never mind half of one.

Now, there's a good few years gone by since those times and to sing those lines means something more.

Q; *But don't you think that the success of the tour, the hugeness of this tour, your biggest ever, belies those lines?*

A; That's a cool idea, I like that thought...'I'm not half the man I used to be' - what do you mean, you've just played to more people than you've ever done before? What do you mean, they LIKE you.

Q; *In terms of numbers, it's the most successful tour....*

A; ....That I have ever done. I know. It's wild isn't it? I must say that I never ever thought that I could out-sell The Beatles. But with Mull of Kintyre I did. And I never thought I could play any bigger venues than I did with The Beatles, but with the Rio thing we did.

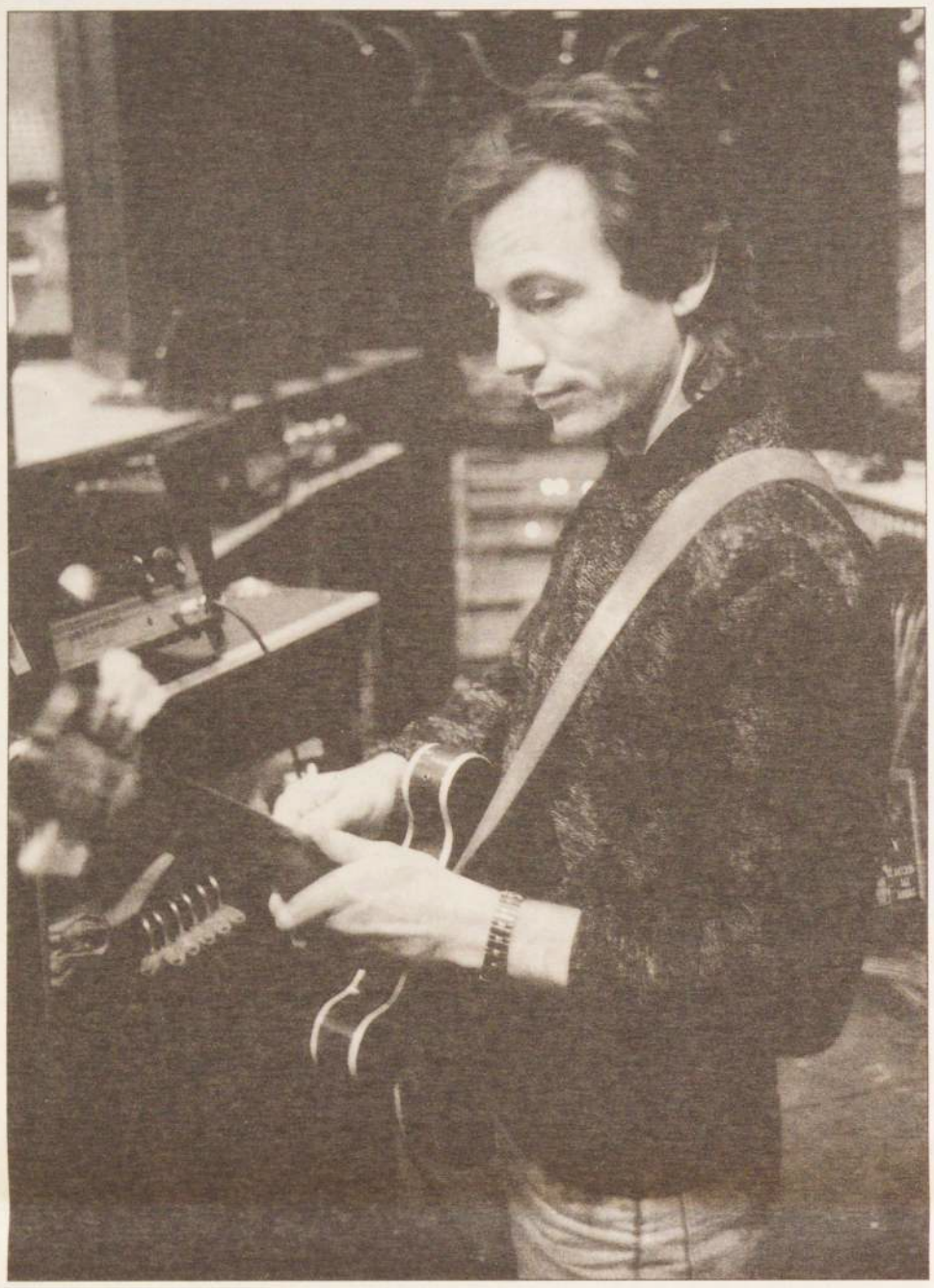
And the great thing is, there's still more to come.

Q; *And then there was Liverpool...*

A; That was the greatest for me. The greatest thing about Liverpool for me has always been the people. I know people say that's a cliche but the great thing is is that why it's a cliche is because it's true. I know that I can go to Liverpool more than anywhere in the world and I just know I'm amongst me own.I'm amongst people and we share a secret. I don't know what the secret is even, but we share something, this humour and all that from where we were brought up. So the greatest moment for me was when we introduced the medley for John - Strawberry Fields/Help and Give Peace A Chance - which was great to do anyway, to introduce it at that gig, not just for me but for all of us on the tour - but when the crowd wouldn't stop singing at the end of Give Peace A Chance - we had the ending planned but they kept chanting 'all we are saying is give peace a chance' and we had to re-start the song when they wouldn't stop, that was one of the greatest moments of my career. It's moments like that that make you go 'God this is it, god this is live, god this is why I like it...' I talk about stimulation, THAT'S what it is. And the thrill of them, that crowd keeping on singing and us, the band, having to re-start Give Peace A Chance , that thrill is what you do it all for .

MEET KEITH SMITH

PHOTOS: BILL BERNSTEIN AND DAVID MODELL



There was a special tour bonus waiting for Keith Smith after The World Tour ended.

A veteran of many a major rock tour, Keith was well-used to the bonus system - by which the show's stars thank their crew with a generous pay-off - but this was different...

The "bonus" weighed 7lb. 2oz. and she bounced into his life on September 10th when Keith and Su Smith's first child, Chloe, was born.

Like every new dad, he's not stopped beaming since.

"They say a baby changes everything and she has", says Keith, "You walk around with this lovely warm feeling inside, never wanting to be anywhere too long without her.

"I'm having a flight case built for her toys now, in preparation for the next tour".

For Keith, becoming a father rounded off the most special year of his rock and roll life. Even with his considerable experience on the road, he admits there's not been a world tour to match Mac's one.

"Going out with Paul wasn't like just doing another big tour, there's really no comparison to what Get Back became.

"With other big acts, you can feel 'Oh I don't really want to see them this time, I'll catch their next tour' or 'Well, I don't reckon it'll be as good as their last gigs'. But this wasn't just a biggie, this was one of the big biggies of the last 10 to 15 years in rock".

As the band's guitar technician and the head of the backline crew, Keith's role on the tour was pivotal. In charge of setting up all the stage equipment in readiness for Macca's arrival for the show, there were times when the job came close to inducing cardiac arrest.

"The toughest part of a job like this was the freighting, making sure that all the equipment arrives at the venue when it should...I could certainly have done without the New Year's Eve experience; when a few essential cases were in Paris when they meant to be in Birmingham for the opening night of the English shows", says Keith, now Paul's Technical Manager.

It was at times like that when Keith, whilst not entirely losing his rag, earnt his tour nickname "The Anti-Keef" - created for his capacity to be rather voluable when the occasion necessitated.

At every soundcheck it would be Keith who would first take to the stage, tuning and testing Robbie's guitars for the PA - and yet this 'guitar technican' admits he can barely play a note.

"My father bought me my first guitar when I was nine, 26 years ago. But I still can't play...I can only ever manage a couple of chords and could never hold a song together from beginning to end.

"That's how I got into this side of the business in the first place. When I was a kid of 10 I was in a band - but only ever playing the same one chord over and over. It took me a year to learn that all I knew was how not to play.

"By the time I was 16, knowing ever better how not to play, I was still obsessed with the idea of being in a band. I'd grown up listening to all these Beatles numbers and I couldn't think of a better life".

So Keith joined his first proper band - Clemen Pull - as van driver, PA mixer and all-round roadie.

"Our first gig was at Kingston Poly, supporting The Groundhogs", he recalls, "We were bloody awful, they never booked us again".

A chance meeting four years later with Simon Townshend - brother of Who guitarist Pete - legged him up towards the big time. Pete had lent Simon a mass of PA equipment and the younger Townshend needed someone to run it for his band.Keith got the job as roadie until The Who reformed and Pete asked for the PA back.

"I just went with the equipment, like a job lot, and ended up working for The Who on five tours between 1978 to '82".

When The Who split up, Keithstuck with bassist John Entwhistle before getting bored, as Entwhistle had had his fill of touring, joining Andy Taylor's Power Station for yet another tour.

"I spent a year with Andy in Los Angeles, organising everything for him - getting him a house, a car, a new lawyer - but I came home burnt out".

But you can't keep a good man down and soon Phil Taylor of Pink Floyd was on the 'phone asking Keith back out on the road.

"After a year out with The Floyd, I got back to hear that Dave Gilmour had been speaking to John Hammel - Paul's right-hand man - and he put my name up for Macca's world tour.

"I've just been lucky; the old thing....right place, right time".

Keith joined Paul's team in February of '88, excited to work at last with the inspiration of his rock dreams as a nine-year-old.

"I remember watching Paul and the band performing Sergeant Pepper for the first time at rehearsal and thinking 'this tour is going to be brilliant'. For a guy like me, who'd grown up such a huge Beatles fan, it was wonderful to see those songs being done on stage - let alone the ones like Pepper and Hey Jude that'd never been performed before.

"And my first impressions were right; it was the most exciting and enjoyable tour I'd ever been part of - with magic moments from watching the pipers in full uniform going up the ramp to the stage in Glasgow to Rio and that huge crowd filling and filling and filling the Maracana.

"It was great to just be there. I was well chuffed".

GEOFF BAKER

GEOFF BAKER GOES

TRIPPING THE LIVE FANTASTIC

PHOTO: SHOWY

They've hailed it as "the ultimate Paul McCartney album", 36 tracks spanning 30 years of the best of rock and roll.

But for Paul, recording *Tripping The Live Fantastic* started out as something far simpler.

"What we tried to do with this album was to give people a chance to take home with them a souvenir of the show; a beter quality bootleg of what we hoped was just a good, fun, party night out", he said.

But recording this triple-vinyl, double cassette/CD was one of the most ambitious live projects Paul has ever mounted. He took on the road with him a 32-track Mitsubishi desk, over which sound engineer Jeff Cohen would nightly twiddle, recording every song, every Soundcheck jam.

For 102 gigs, the tapes rolled. And when this greatest show on earth cranked down, a very patient guy called Pete Henderson listened to every track - that's something in the region of 3,200 takes! - before, with Paul and Mr. Golden Ears himself, Bob Clearmountain, they honed it down to the best of the brilliance.

If you were on the tour, it's impossible to listen to *'Tripping'* without each track evoking a memory - *Twenty Flight Rock*, the old Beatles stomper from The Kaiserkeller days; *Ebony & Ivory*, when Stevie Wonder turned up at the LA Forum to guest with Paul on the encore; the jokey ' bet you don't know this one ' introduction (and subsequent crowd roar of delight) on *Got You Get You Into My Life*; *Birthday*, worked into the show just so that Macca could celebrate July 4th in Washington in style; *The Long and Winding Road*, the crew's 'Our tune' and *Sergeant Pepper*, the rabble-rouser that always got even the politest crowd up and hollering. Add to that such rockers as *Get Back*, *Coming Up*, *Can't Buy Me Love*, *I Saw Her Standing There* and - of course - *Yesterday*, and here is an album that is truly 'all the best'.

For some, who weren't there, it's more than a good hint of what magic those nights were. For those who caught a gig, it's a means of forever reviving the memory.

And for those who were there, always there, every show, it's a very evocative reminder of the best nights of the best year of a life.

FOREVER VERT

A VEGGIE VIEW OF THE WORLD TOUR
BY GEOFF BAKER

It was dead good, this world touring with Paul McCartney. It didn't half improve your use of languages.

Six months into the tour andI was getting quite the linguist. I could say "salade verte, sil vous plait". I could say "salad vert, pour f'vour" (I said I could *say* it, I never said I could spell it). I could say "salad vert, danke".

"Hai! Salad vert", "I'll take the green salad, bud" and - in extremely *difficult* cases where the waiter had not the remotest grasp on what I was struggling to say - "Salad VERTE!!!! *Salad bloody vert*! Look....you MUST have something on this bleeding" (operative choice of word) "menu that I can eat. Watch my lips...we DON'T eat meat. No, we don't eat ****ing fish either...Jesus C*hrist*, just bring me some bread".

The sad truth is that throughout Europe, the U.S.A.and from what we've glimpsed of the Far East, they do not have the slightest care for vegetarians. If you want to eat out, then you've more chance of losing weight than on any Hays or Cambridge diet. Unless you're a big fan of bread rolls.

In fact, so far behind the British veggie is the carnivorous foreigner that sometimes you feel not unlike some early Christian missionary did on first being introduced to a cannibal, horrified at the bloody excesses of what chefs around the world mistakenly believe makes for an appetitising menu.

I knew it was going to be tough from the first meal that we then-strangers, now-friends had in Oslo. There we were - Emma Sutton (wardrobe), Colin Mutton (tour financial controller) and moi (publicity terrorist) - sitting in the restaurant of the Grand Hotel and getting dead hungry.

Grandly, the waitress handed us and the l0 or so other Macca tourers present the menu. There, under specialities of the house, it boasted *braised reindeer.*

"Well I'm not ****ing eating THAT", said Emma, "I'll have a salad vert".

So began our green(s) tour of the world, during which I've eaten more leaves than anything that was ever kept out in the yard in a hutch.

I'm not complaining, you understand. Correction; I *am* complaining.

I'm complaining that most of the rest of the world - and, hey, Britain, you ain't that bloody perfect, just less bad than the rest - when it's dining out gives not the slightest thought to those who don't eat animals.

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if they just didn't treat you like some festering leper when you say "no meat". Still, better a leper than a butcher, I guess.

The joke is that many of these countries we've visited are beside themselves with all manner of sophistication, except what they put in their gobs. Take Zurich: you might think that with the Swiss history of reluctance to get involved in any form of global conflict, there'd be veggie restaurants all over.

Forget it. In Zurich, the old black Levi's came off for once as me and Emma got togged up to dine out at what the conceierge insisted was *the* finest restaurant in the town. 'They', he lied, 'will most definitely do vegetarian dishes, sir'.

Half-way through the first bottle of Tattinger, with Emma leanly heavily on vague memories of A-level French to translate, it dawned on us that unless we wanted to eat goose liver, sliced salmon, snails, frogs' limbs and the like, we were definitely going to starve.

'We are vegetarian', I pronounced to the head waiter. 'We cannot eat this'.

'Ah, sir, I understand - here, look, there is fish', he said.

We then got into one of those 'look, pal, tell me the word in the sentence that you didn't understand' conversations that so embarrass other diners and don't half sour the taste of good Tattinger.

Eventually, presumably alerted by the yells of 'N*o, not caviar either*!! N*o, no chicken*!!' that were coming from our table, the chef came out. Patiently, I explained how I'd be his best mate in Heaven if he could take a selection of vegetables and do something exciting with them.....

This was a mistake. The word 'exciting', as visitors to Switzerland will be well aware, does not figure in the Swiss language and after much waiting we were presented with the

top chef in Zurich's impression of cordon vert food - a plate containing broccoli, tomatoes, sliced carrot, baby turnip, sliced potato, green beans and a couple of radishes.

Mrs. McCartney's cookbook, where are you in our hour of need?

But if the Swiss were just vegetarianally dumb, or playing at it, their ignorance was bliss compared to the insolence of Madrid. By the time the tour had reached there, Fiona Hurry (the efficient half of the publicity duo) had converted to the veggie way.

The girls had got to a bit of a desperate state in Spain, on account of every roadside tapas bar seething with the salmonella that grew on the seafood paellas that the Spanish oddly believe will improve if left out in the baking sun.

An Italian meal, that's what they need, the accountant and terrorist decided. Even veggies can't go wrong going Italian.

We booked the best, again.

On arrival, we told the maitre'd we were veggies and suddenly he announced that the entire restaurant was full.

'What about those 24 empty tables?', we huffed and promptly requistioned one.

Once more the menu offered nothing edible. There was penne et baconoli galore, plenty of ravoli stuffed with veal and monstrous varieties of seafood like squid in its own ink (bet they wouldn't serve cow in its own guts).

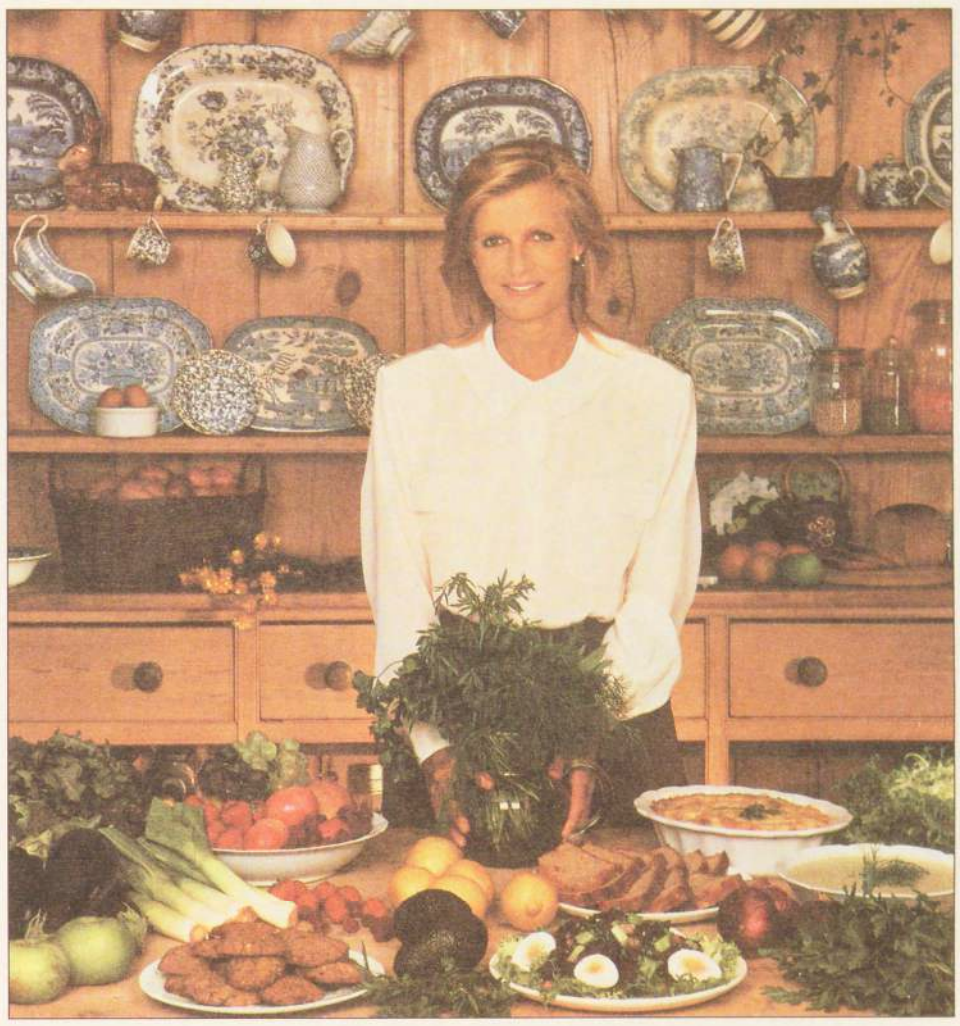
"We can't eat this", once more came the cry, "Can you make us a pasta dish without meat or fish?"

You'd have thought, by the look on his face, we'd said would he mind if we infected him with anthrax.He left and Colin consumed his eighth packet of bread-sticks. He came back. No, the chef couldn't do that.

Could the chef, we reasoned, take the asparagus out of the tortellini with asparagus and ham, take the penne out of the penne with sweetbreads, take the cream out of the wild duck in cream and raspberry and put 'em together?

The understanding hit him like a thunderbolt - ah, you vegetarians, you want to be *cooked* for;and not just treated like s***.

And so the tour went on, with every town and country completely misunderstanding that loving animals means not carving 'em up. In Milan we learnt that a cheese roll (sic) is in fact a roll stuffed with ham, on which the tiniest sliver of cheese



is added. In Paris,we discovered that the only way to survive was to order cheese from the sweet menu, salade verte (of course) from the entrees, mushrooms from the side-orders and combine them in a huge mound centre-table to make the meal ourselves and in Los Angeles we found out that when you say 'has the spinach salad got any meat in it?' and they say no, what they actually mean is 'no, give or take half a pound of chopped bacon on top'.

But if the rest of the world was a joke, it didn't prepare us for the nightmare that is being veggie in Japan.There are something like 25 million people living in Tokyo - I don't know the exact number but it's a frig of a lot - and *three* vegetarian restaurants (one of which shuts at 9.30 pm and another demands last orders by 7.30).

By now, Chris Whitten had been conscripted to our vegetarian seditionary force and it was with him that we spent a good 90 minutes tromping up and down the Roppongi (Tokyo's menu mile) vainly looking for something foodish that didn't used to be alive.

And it was here that we discovered Food Fascism - yes of course, said the jaunty Italian restauranteur, we could eat veggie dishes; he had mucho, bene, veggie dishes, BUT only if we ordered at least one meat or fish dish to go with them. F*** it, we said in Italian, and quit.

And quit, or at least throw up, was what I wanted to do another night in Tokyo when sheer disbelief sent me to a traditional Japanese fish-house. The Japanese adore their fish, can't get enough of it. But they eat it with a relish and method that borders beyond barbarism.

Get this - there is a special fish, a dinky little goldfishy thing, that they breed there especially because *it is small enough to be swallowed whole and alive*. This is not some kinky cult; it is a big deal down Tokyo way to feel your meal wriggling in your throat, the Japanese say it gives an especial sensation.

Ordering vegetables and sternly warning my Japanese companions that severe violence would probably follow were either of them to start gobbling live guppies, I watched as businessmen plastered out of their skulls on Scotch, ate the traditional way. This involved a fish the size of a 4lb perch being netted out of the shallow moat that fronted the tables. Moments later, the fish appeared on a bed of lettuce, its mouth opening and closing and tail wriggling. For all the world, it was alive and intact - EXCEPT that the skin from its back had been removed and, I saw in horror, diners were invited to cut into its raw (and living) flesh and swallow it.Imagine some maniac taking slices of muscle and tendon out of your thigh with a chainsaw while you're concious - it's the same thing.

But there's a silver lining to all this, and it's the reason that none of us died of malnutrition months back. The silver lining's called Debbie and Karen and Karen (Caron?) and Jackie and Michelle - the tour's guardian angels from our caterers, Eat Your Hearts Out.

Between them, these five ladies kept us not just well-fed - but possibly better-fed than most any vegetarian on this globe.

Armed with Linda's cookbook and their own vegetarian passion that good food doesn't need any sprinkling of death, they changed eating on this tour from a necessity to a delight.

Daily they served up not just good food but great food that, as the anecdotes above bear testimony, was far and above better that many of the dishes prepared in some of the world's allegedly-finest restaurants.

Preparing, what, 15 main veggie dishes a day, they proved that on this, rock and roll's first thoroughly vegetarian tour,you could have none of the meat and lose none of the taste.Between them, they took the crankiness out what I believe in, they've converted carnivores and kept even the most blood-desperate meat-eaters among us more than satisfied.

If Macca's Green Army marched on its stomach, Debs and her girls kept us in step.

It's just such a bloody shame that the rest of the world thinks that's cranky.

PHOTOS BY DAVID MODELL, JOHN SWANNELL AND BILL BERNSTEIN

UNREQUITED PASSION

MACCA FAN, MARY LITTLE, PENS HER VIEW OF A TYPICAL TOUR PRESS CONFERENCE

PHOTOS: ALAN SILFEN

Like getting married and giving birth, the day will forever stand out in my mind. I didn't really think we'd be admitted, and pretty much had accepted the fact. After all, he was a mega-star, and besides there was the concert to look forward to. I had anticipated it for months and suddenly, we were being ushered in. I was actually getting into the press conference.

I'd admired Paul from afar for over 20 years, and lately my feelings for him were as close to love as possible without ever having made contact. My husband, Dave not only understood my passion; he financed it. Working in radio, he has a few 'connections', so before the tour dates were even announced he'd been working on us getting the best seats possible. His boss, Dick, also has a few connections, and it was because of him that Dave and I, along with Dick and his wife, Julie, now happened to be walking into the press conference in Seattle for probably the most famous rock star in the world.

I tried to look cool, like the member of the press I supposedly was, but every time my eyes met Julie's, I'd mouth a silent scream and whisper something like,"I'm in Heaven!". Embarassed, Dave and Dick would look at me and mouth, "SHHHH!". Security led us into a small, curtained off area, about the size of a living room. TV cameras were set up behind us. We passed a table stacked with Press Kits, I tucked one under my arm. We sat in the fourth row of chairs facing an empty table where He would sit, to the left, a blue curtain through which He would enter. Dave and Dick instructed me on what to say if I dared ask a question: my name, the name of the radio station, and where I was from. Knowing I'd otherwise forget, I wrote my name down on my Press Kit.

To help pass the anxiety ridden moments, I opened the folder and found an assortment of gorgeous, glossy photos of The Man with his band and his beautiful, blonde wife. I remembered how crushed I was when I found out that he, like most men, preferred blondes, and I was afraid that if we did get a chance to meet him, he'd pay particular attention to Julie and ignore me. Men always noticed Julie. I thought back to a few weeks earlier when she and I together had cooked dinner for our husbands' boss. Julie, blonde, poised and confident, had made the perfect impression, knowing just the right things to say. I, on the other hand, had sat there, awkwardly fumbling with a piece of asparagus I'd caught in my hair. I sent a silent prayer to God that if I did get to meet my idol that day, I might for once be the one to come across as cool, calm and collected.

Soon our eyes were drawn to the front of the room, where a man with dark hair and an English accent kept walking through the now familiar blue curtain. Each time he did, we thought it might be Him. The man was very friendly, but informed us there was to be a sound check immediately after the press conference, so it must be kept to twenty minutes. No one objected, realizing how lucky we all were to be here at all. Finally it was announced that the one we had all been waiting for would be out in five minutes - five minutes of sheer anguish, stomach churning, feeling like my heart would leap out of my throat! For a moment I was afraid I would pass out and miss the whole thing. To ease the anxiety I reminded myself that I had never fainted in my life, and even if I did now, it would be OK. Clattering from my chair would at least attract His attention, and He would have no choice but to acknowledge my existence, if only for a moment. Trembling, I reached into my purse for my Bic pen and the orange flowered word sheet from the cassette I'd been carrying with me, just in case I could get his autograph. Important rustling sounds came from behind the curtain; then all hearts stood still as a man announced, "Would you please welcome Paul McCartney".

And then my fantasy for twenty years became manifest. Fumbling with my pen , I dropped my paper and tried to clap. A vision dressed in black, he stood there, softly smiling. Unashamed, we sat in awe of his gentle, but powerful presence.I was amazed by how much he resembled the poster hanging behind him, yet it didn't begin to do him justice. His dark hair was streaked with just enough gray so that it softly framed his face likew an aura. Longer now, it reached a few inches past his collar, and I'd gladly have given anything just to touch it. The crinkles around his eyes gave evidence to the fact that he was no longer the baby-faced Beatle we'd all fallen in love with, yet he looked at least a decade younger than his forty-seven years. Unaffected, perhaps unaware of the spell he'd cast on us, he spoke: "How are you today?" I suddenly realised why English accents are so desirable. Nobody got off on English accents until he and his mates arrived here so long ago. They had set the standard. "Nervous,"a female reporter giddily replied. "Nervous, why should you be nervous? I'm the one who should be." With a relaxed smile he put us all at ease.

Totally enamored, I sat gazing, trying to burn his face into my memory. After that night's concert I might never see him again. I couldn't take my eyes off his. They were young and clear and they caught the light as he spoke. I'd always wondered exactly what colour they were; it was so hard to tell from pictures. I now made a special point to find out, but I couldn't really tell from where I sat. They weren't blue, but they weren't dark either - some shade of hazel? But oh, how they shined!

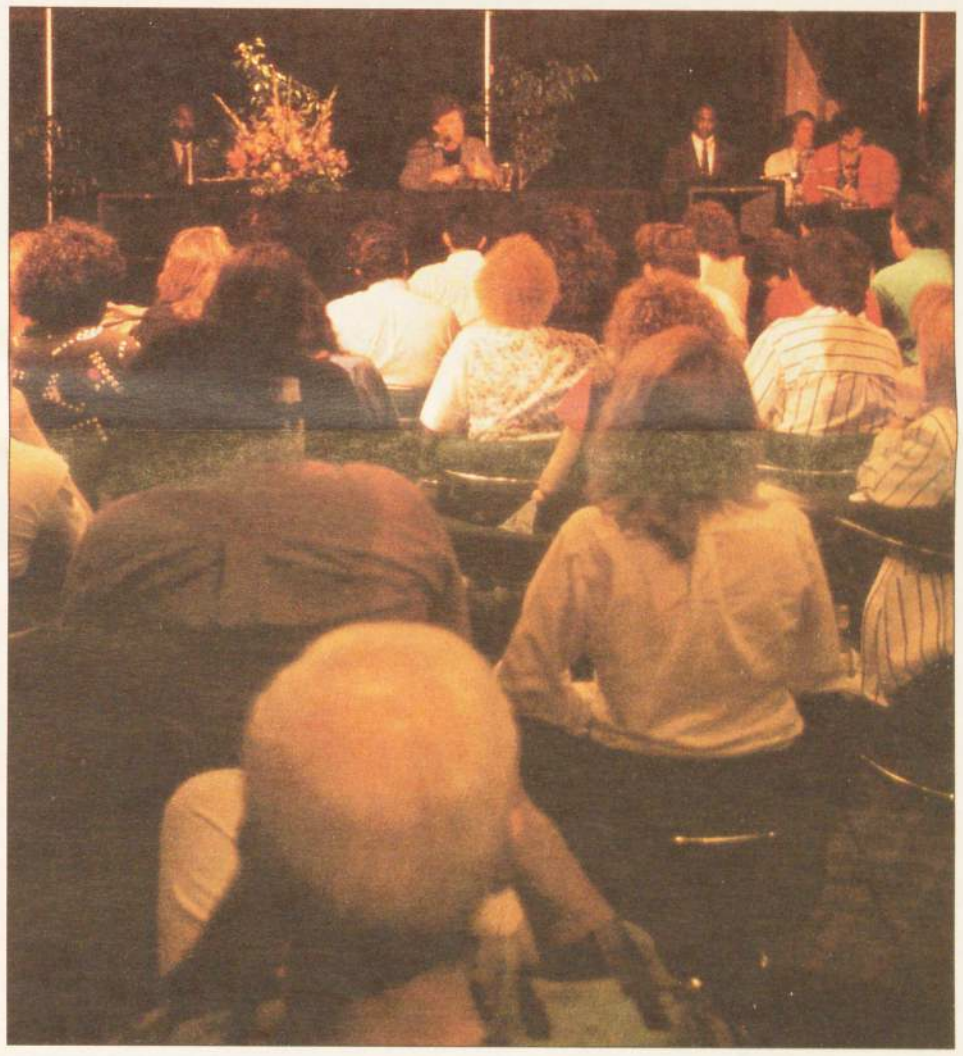
I can't recall much of what was said during the rest of the conference, except that when he spoke of saving the earth he did so with great passion. Other than that, the usual questions were asked and the usual answers given. Most of the time I sat staring, dreaming, completely transfixed. Occasionally I tore my eyes away from his in order to catch a glimpse of his famous hands. I noticed that on the right he had a blackened fingernail. I speculated as to how it might have happened. Perhaps while racing into a limo, escaping from an adoring mob of well-meaning but over-zealous fans, he'd got it slammed in the door. With that hand he kept raising a white china cup to his lips. "I want that cup," I thought, and considered asking for it after the conference but was too intimidated by the atmosphere. A bald head in front of me kept leaning to the right,blocking my view, and I somehow resisted the temptation to strike it with my pen.

I kept wishing Paul would stand up so I could see his entire body - his clothes, his shoes , his layered haircut. At the same time I was so grateful to be seeing what I could. Over fifty-five thousand poeople had tickets to his performance that night, and here I was in this small room less than fifteen feet from him. I didn't feel selfish, or that it was unfair. No-one could possibly be a bigger fan than I am. I hadn't driven over three hundred miles just to relive the days of The Beatles; I came to see and hear Paul McCartney. Ever since 1976, when I'd been stuck out in Montana and missed the"Wings Over America" tour, I'd been telling people I'd see him someday, maybe even meet him. "No way," they'd all said. "He doesn't tour anymore." "He lives an extremely private life." Even my husband would shake his head sympathetically and say, "Don't get your heart set on it, Babe. There's no way it could ever happen." Then, about eighteen months ago rumours started up of a world tour. Though no mention had been made of the US, I knew my time was coming soon. And now, there I was, being ushered into this makeshift press room, with my husband behind me, shaking his head and muttering, "I don't believe it. You're actually going to meet Paul McCartney."

I was suddenly whisked out of my trance and back to the present as I noticed Dave's hand was up. "He's going to ask a question!" I shrieked in my mind. That meant Paul would see me, at least for a portion of a second. So this new outfit I'd spent my daughter's school tuition on over a month ago was not purchased in vain. I took off my jean jacket to reveal the pink, off-the-shoulder sweater I'd picked out with him in

mind. It wasn't easy getting Paul's attention, with everyone speaking at once. A couple of times he did acknowledge Dave with a nod, as if to say, "I'll get to you next." It never happened. A press hog to my right shot off three questions in a row, and the rest of us had to overcome the urge to strangle him. Dick, in his booming voice, was also trying to phrase a question . He finally managed to spit most of it out, but it was too late. Paul's press agent cut him off, announcing twenty minutes were up, and Paul had to leave. Embarrassed and frustrated, Dick rubbed his head.

So polite and considerate, Paul lit up the room one last time with an apologetic smile as he stood to leave. Oh God, how I hated to see him go! But, disappointed as we were, we all understood. Like it or not, he is a living legend and must be guarded. Yet he seemed so real, so human, for those twenty minutes. As he was being escorted from the room, I craned my neck, trying once more to catch a glimpse of the whole person. But the blue curtain parted



and then he was gone. I never got his autograph. I never met him. I never got to touch him or shake his favourite hand. I'm not even sure if his eyes rested on me for just half a second. But I was OK. In fact, I floated out of the room. I had enough memories to last a lifetime.

As I watched him perform later that night, I was amazed at the metamorphosis. How had that gentle persona transformed into the powerful presence that now commanded the stage? A master showman, he had us in the palm of his hand, and we were loving it. Elated, Julie and I kept hugging each other throughout the show. And because of our mutual experience, we've become friends for life. We get together and watch videos of Paul: on "24 Hours", on "Showtime", Paul at the Grammy Awards. We reminisce until our poor husbands leave the room in disgust. Will I ever get him out of my system? I don't know. But I do know one thing. I plan on taking him up on his parting words as he left the stage that night: "See ya next time!"

CREST QUIZ

KEVIN AKERS, AN OLD CLUB SANDWICH QUIZMASTER FROM PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA HAS DEVISED THIS NEW QUIZ WHICH HAS VISUAL CLUES TO 42 OF PAUL'S SONG TITLES HIDDEN AMONGST THE CHIVALROUS IMAGERY. MOST SONGS WERE WRITTEN AND RECORDED BY PAUL BUT THERE ARE A FEW INCLUDED THAT WERE EITHER JUST WRITTEN OR JUST RECORDED BY HIM. GOOD LUCK. THE FIRST FIVE WINNING ENTRIES FROM CLUB MEMBERS OPENED AFTER CLOSING DATE ON JANUARY 31 1991 WILL RECEIVE A SURPRISE SANDWICH GIFT.

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